

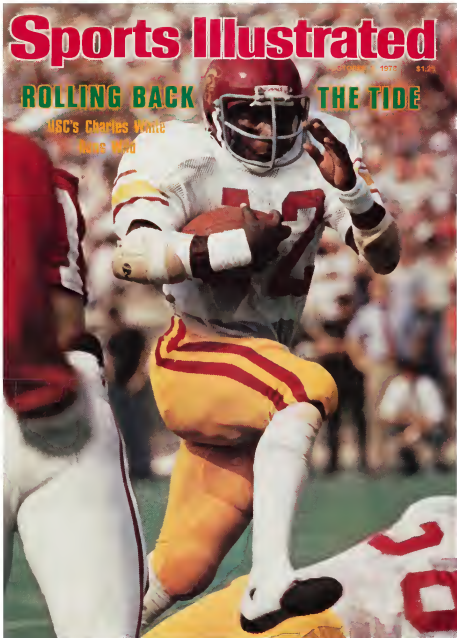
Sports Illustrated

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THE TIDE

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THE WORLD SERIES that precedes the World Series is golf's, in which two dozen pros—including Jack Nicklaus, who almost scratched to attend a high school football game—compete at Firestone in Akron for \$300,000. Dan Jenkins reveals all

ARMS AND THE MAN we ring as Terry Todd reports on the sport of arm wrestling and on 50-year-old, bespectacled lumber yard worker Al Turner, who, having won the national, Canadian and world pro championships, is indisputably The Man

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JENKINS' HOME TEAM, MARTY AND DAN

The first time most of us at **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** got a look at Dan Jenkins was in 1959, the year Jenkins, then a columnist for the *Fort Worth Press*, won the Golf Writers Association of America championship and was saluted in our **FACES IN THE CROWD** section. Several years later we decided to hire him, on the assumption that anyone who could play scratch golf while carrying a typewriter had hidden depths, to say nothing of a certain breadth, and we were right. Not only has Dan proved to be one of SI's most prolific writers (his coverage of last week's Steelers-Browns game appears on page 30), but he has also won considerable acclaim for novels such as *Semi-Tough* and *Dead Solid Perfect*.

But that is not the extent of Dan's prolificness. Little did we realize back in 1959 how the crowd around Dan's face would grow: twins Sally and Marty Jenkins were born in October 1960, and their arrival was followed in October 1961 by that of brother Danny.

Last week came the unsettling news that little Sally Jenkins had left for Stanford. "I don't know about this," said Jenkins père. "You have a few babies, go see a couple of football games and golf tournaments, and the next thing you know one of your kids is getting on a plane to go to college."

As for sons Marty and Danny, they are now about seven feet tall and play football for the McBurney School in Manhattan. In the grip of his revelation about what happens to babies, Dan realized that they had not played a single down in front of their father. "The one game I had a chance to see got rained out," he says. "Frankly, it was the first time I'd ever heard of a football game being rained out." Last week he decided to get in shape for watching the Steelers by looking in on one of McBurney's practices in Central Park, where the team customarily works out before an avoironment of winds, purse snatchers and urban guerrilla softball players.

It was a change from the crowds Dan ordinarily hangs out with, in the clubhouses of the country's better golf courses, or in New York, at the Summerhouse, a restaurant of which his wife June is a founder and part owner, and at that standby of the gossip columnist, Elaine's. This sort of thing is presumably essential to the completion of his new novel, an opus he describes as "about the bar in Texas where I grew up."

"Writing novels is my hobby," Jenkins says, "but mostly I'm a journalistic junkie." This is obviously true. Reporter Myra Gelband, who has worked with Jenkins on dozens of golf assignments here and abroad, has said of him, "A lot of people think Dan just sits around the grill of the press tent at golf tournaments. But I may walk 36 holes on the course and come back to find Dan already knows everything I do. He has some marvelous antennae that tell him when to get up and watch a hole, and he is never wrong."

Which, for 14 years, is what has kept our man Jenkins from being just another face in the crowd in the press box.

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SCORECARD

Edited by RAY KENNEDY

GOT THE HORSE RIGHT WHERE?

The most famous half-dozen thoroughbreds of the past couple of years have been Affirmed, Alydar, Forego, Seattle Slew and Lebón-Cinzano or, if you prefer, Cinzano-Lebón. Cinzano was a superior horse who raced in Uruguay before being brought to this country where, presto, he ran as a finger under the name of an inferior import, Lebón, and paid \$116 for \$2 at Belmont Park on Sept. 23, 1977. The man indicted for masterminding the coup was Dr. Mark Gerard, a well-known racetrack veterinarian who once attended Secretariat.

Last week Gerard's trial concluded in Nassau County Court in Mineola, N.Y., with sentencing scheduled for November. Gerard was found guilty of two misdemeanors, for false entries "in a contest of speed," but was not convicted on felony charges of stealing Cinzano and attempting to defraud Lloyds of London of \$137,000 in insurance. Gerard could get two years in jail, but the verdict is certain to be appealed by the vet's attorney, F. Lee Bailey.

No thinking person, however, expects the Lebón-Cinzano case to evaporate. Gerard will fight to have his practicing license reinstated, while the New York Racing Association will fight to keep him barred from its grounds at Aqueduct, Belmont and Saratoga because of the scandal brought to racing by the Lebón-Cinzano switch. And Cinzano is still around. He is currently owned by Jack Morgan, the young trainer in charge of Cinzano when he was entered in two races under the name of Lebón. Morgan hopes to race Cinzano again, and should that come to pass, the expected crush of curiosity seekers will only sustain the embarrassment felt by the guardians of the breed.

NEW USE FOR OLD CHESTNUTS

Though it's a bit like closing the barn door after the horse is gone, Belmont officials would have been able to detect the Lebón-Cinzano switch beforehand if the horses had been registered in a new iden-

tification system. Or such is the contention of Equine Services, Inc. of Broomfield, Colo., a company that has come up with an electronic scanning device that can positively identify any horse by its chestnuts, those calluses on the inside of the legs. Like fingerprints, no two chestnuts are alike; moreover, chestnuts do not fade as do tattoos or brands.

Known as Easy Scan, the device is the brainchild of Vern Taylor, who began wondering about ways to identify horses after a mare of his was stolen in 1971. Easy Scan consists of a portable scanning gun and a computer pack, sells for \$3,950 and is being marketed to veterinarians and others who can chestnut-print horses for a suggested \$35 fee. All the data is fed to a computer bank in Broomfield, where it is accessible to law-enforcement agents and racing officials.

DOCTOR ON CALL

It was not the kind of save that goes into the record books, but when Doc Medich, the Texas Ranger pitcher, leaped into the stands at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium last month and revived a heart-attack victim by administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and heart massage, his performance could not have been more impressive. Indeed, the reaction was so widespread that Medich, who holds a medical degree from the University of Pittsburgh, agreed to conduct classes in cardiopulmonary resuscitation for Ranger players and front-office personnel.

Apparently, not all his students were paying close attention. On a recent commercial flight to Milwaukee, the Rangers were sitting in the coach section with the other passengers when the plane encountered some severe turbulence. "Don't worry about a thing, folks," Catcher John Ellis announced. "We're all CPR-trained on this team. If anything happens, we'll beat on your lips and blow on your chest. You'll be all right."

Later Medich revealed he had flunked Ellis in the course.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY

Out for a day of billfishing in the Gulf of Mexico on a recent weekend, C. E. Littlefield, his two sons and a friend found more action than they had anticipated. Twenty-five miles out of Port Aransas, Texas, Littlefield spotted what looked like some huge denizen of the deep splashing merrily in the early-morning sun. "Sailfish!" he cried. But just as excitedly the "fish" shouted back, "Hey, throw me a line!"

Several anxious minutes later the Littlefields boated their first catch of the day, which turned out to be Homer Robertson III, 19. "You'll get a drink of water?" he said. Checking the heavens, an astonished Littlefield had one question. "Where'd you come from?"

Well, it's a long story—16 hours long, to be precise. Homer's odyssey had begun shortly before sunset the previous



day. A crewman on the private fishing boat Puddin', he was standing alone in the stern when the craft, tooling home to Port Aransas, suddenly lurched and, he says, "I just fell overboard." No one aboard saw the mishap and Robertson's shouts were drowned out by the engine noise. "I was waiting for them to turn around and come back and get me," he says, "but they kept on going."

Recalling a tactic he had learned in a Red Cross life-saving class, Robertson took off his pants, tied knots in each leg and filled them with air. His impromptu water wings "worked all night." A long night it was as the Puddin', a Coast

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

Guard helicopter and several other rescue craft searched the area in vain. "They were all around me, private yachts and charter boats," Robertson says, "but they didn't see me," even though he was "lit up like a candle" by the phosphorescence of plankton in the water.

"Yeah, I saw the movie *Jaws*," says Robertson, "but I tried not to think about that." "It wasn't easy; at one point, a large fish that "could have been a shark" bumped him, scraping the skin on one of his bare legs. He says, "I just kicked the thing and it went away." Later, a tanker that "just got bigger and bigger" bore down on him, passing so closely that "I could have hit it with a rock."

Just before dawn Robertson found himself surrounded by dorsal fins. But to his relief it was merely a school of passing porpoises. Then, at 8:45 a.m., came the Littlefields and the cry "Sailfish!"

Back at the dock, Robertson wolfed down two hamburgers, two grilled-cheese sandwiches and a pile of French fries and washed it all down with a bottle of champagne provided by a welcoming committee.

None the worse for his adventure, the next day Homer celebrated his deliverance like a true son of the sea. He went fishing.

PORKERS AT THE POST

Sooonweee? Hide the kids and guard the corn crib, the latest rage on the tractor-in-terbacky trade-show circuit is pig racing. Don't grunt. When the critters first waddled to the post at last year's Farm Progress Show ("The World's Fair of Agriculture"), more than 45,000 two-legged rooters jammed the Heintold Hog Market's tent for the three-day race meeting.

"There are three things people feel about pigs, all false—that they are dirty, dumb and slow," says Roy Holding, an adman who doubles as trainer of the Heintold Pig Racing Team. Not only do the young porkers learn the Pavlovian ground rules in just two weeks, he says, but they also "develop a keen competitive spirit," trying to bump one another off course as they charge out of a five-pig chute and race down a straightaway track to a feed dish 40 feet away. Their lickety-split gait is called the "forward skeddaddle."

Going into this week's Farm Progress Show in Taylorville, Ill., the full-dress excitement of race day—bugle, racing silks,

electric tote board, photo flashes—was expected to inspire the odds-on favorite, a fleet little sow named Chicago Merc, to go the distance in a record 2.9 seconds or better. "That's equivalent to a 5.7-minute mile, you know." Holding proudly notes.

The Heintold team has had numerous offers to race elsewhere, including on *The Tonight Show*, but it has so far limited its season to one fall meeting because the piggies tend to eat themselves out of contention in a matter of weeks. Other trade-show exhibitors do not miss the competition. Indeed, when the porkers debuted last year, they hogged the show by outdrawing the fair's other attractions, including country singer Jimmy Dean. Which was only porcine justice, because the Texas crooner also happens to be owner of the Jimmy Dean Meat Co., Inc., America's leading purveyors of pork sausages.

MARATHON MAN

Doc Counsilman, the 57-year-old Indiana University swimming coach who has trained more than his share of Olympic champions and world record breakers, plans to make a big splash of his own. He has decided to become the oldest person ever to swim the English Channel. "I would like to do for marathon swimming what has been done for marathon running," he says.

As a warmup—and to qualify for membership in the World Professional Marathon Swimming Federation—Counsilman recently slipped into Lake Monroe, which is near the Hoosier campus, and swam eight miles in the respectable time of four hours, 22 minutes, 54 seconds. "I knew I'd make it," he says, "but I didn't know I could do it and feel so good the next day. Something like that swim changes your self image. You don't feel quite as old as you did."

By taking on the Channel, Counsilman hopes to promote marathon swimming as the ideal exercise for the coronary set. "A lot of people can't jog when they get older," he says, "because it hurts their joints. But you can get into the water and swim because water holds you up."

Counsilman, himself a gimp victim of the jogging craze, speaks from experience. Four years ago, overweight and suffering from high blood pressure, he began working out every morning for two hours in the Indiana pool. He lost 62 pounds and became a national sprint

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SCORECARD continued

champion in the AAU Masters' swim program. But now, he cautions, "I question the benefit of sprints because they could precipitate a heart attack. So we've started a trend away from sprints to endurance swimming for older people."

Counsillman would also like to "help clarify some of the phony-baloony that's been going on with some swimmers, including Diana Nyad and her recent attempt to swim from Cuba to the U.S. Nyad's a very mediocre swimmer with a very good publicist, that's all. Promoters have gotten into marathon swimming and it has become a big problem. We've got to put in rules that are uniform throughout the world."

Counsillman's proposals. "You can't swim with the current. You can't hang onto the boat. You can't swim in a shark cage because it pulls you along. You can't swim in back of a big boat because that sucks you along. You can't get out of the water. And you can't use artificial aids such as flippers, snorkels or hand paddles."

As for his own attempt to better the feat of William E. Burnie, who crossed the Channel in 1951 at age 55, Counsillman says, "The swimming team thinks it's a great idea, but my wife Marge doesn't like it because she thinks the water is too cold. But if the conditions are ideal, I know I can swim that far." For a possible try in August, when the average water temperature in the Channel rises to a nippy 61°, he plans to train in Lake Monroe through the fall and early winter and "just hope I don't freeze."

Meanwhile, Counsillman is warmed by a remark made by Jay Hersey, one of his former sprinters, after the intrepid coach completed his eight-mile swim. "Jay told me, 'Doc, you're a tough son of a bitch.' And you know, maybe I am. At least I feel that way."

SUPERPOOL

Leave it to Las Vegas to turn one of America's most quaint and cherished institutions, the office betting pool, into a high-roller's spectacular. "Vegas is supposed to harbor some of the best sports handicappers in the world," says Sonny Reizner, the sports book director for the Castaways hotel, "and we decided to find out once and for all who really is the world champion."

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SCORECARD *continued*

\$1,000 ante could enter, and ultimately 56 plungers, one-third of them from out of state, decided to risk both funds and face. The Castaways kicked in an additional \$4,000 to round off the total pool at \$60,000.

The rules are simple enough. Each Tuesday during the regular NFL season the Castaways posts its official opening line for that week's games. The entrants then have 48 hours to make their picks for all 14 games, and each week the results are compiled, updated and posted for all to see. First prize for the contestant with the best won-lost record against the line at season's end is \$42,000, or 70% of the total pool. Second prize is \$9,000, third \$6,000 and fourth \$3,000. As a bonus, anyone picking 14 of 14 in a given week is awarded \$10,000 by the Castaways; anyone picking 13 of 14 gets \$5,000.

Though many noted handicappers have entered the contest, including columnists Larry Merchant and Lem Banker, no one has yet cashed in on the bonanzas. In the third week of the season, Dick Shendan, a casino pit boss, picked 12 winners out of 13 on Sunday only to miss out on the \$5,000 prize when the New England Patriots, favored by 17 points, were upset by the Baltimore Colts 34-27 on Monday night.

Reizner, who expects the pool to overflow with 300 or more entrants next season, says, "We're separating the men from the boys." Well, not exactly. After three weeks, the co-leader with a sterling 28-11-3 record was Ruth Bridges, a Las Vegas housewife and one of only two women contestants.

THEY SAID IT

• Doug Carr, Texas A&M linebacker, who is 5'10" and plays behind a defensive line that averages 6'4": "I just ask them to lean over so I can see what's happening."

• Hank Stram, ex-Chiefs and Saints coach: "When I got into the coaching business, I knew I was getting into a high-risk, high-profile profession, so I adopted a philosophy I've never wavered from. Yesterday is a canceled check, today is cash on the line, tomorrow is a promissory note."

• David Rubinstein, marketing director of the Pittsburgh Penguins, on the loss of Defenseman Tom Eklund to the Jehovah's Witnesses: "We got compensation from God. Two miracles."

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IT WAS SUM GAME!

Charles White's rushing plus some fast figuring under fire by a USC accounting whiz added up to Alabama being less than No. 1 **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**



Quarterback McDonald has a 3.7 grade average, but Coach Robinson masterminded the game breaker

What it was that fell on Alabama last week in Birmingham was not just all those USC stars, current and soon-to-be. Southern Cal always has its fair share of those, and Alabama had no illusions about that. Nor was it just another lethal dose of White lightning administered by still one more terrific Trojan tailback, although one would have to say that if a '999-yard day rushing against the proud Crimson Tide defense was Mr. Charles White's way of wishing Bear Bryant a belated happy 65th birthday, he sure as hell won't get invited back for the 66th. Nor was it just the swarming, Tide-turning USC defense, the one that gets to the ball quicker than Cinderella's stepsisters

and doesn't appear to have a pass defender under 6' 6"

No, what it was that USC dumped on Bear and his boys, and put them on their collective carrampus for the first time in 13 games—and right out of first place in the race for No. 1—was brains. Specifically, brains belonging to still one more inconspicuous USC quarterback.

All USC quarterbacks are not inconspicuous, of course. Only in comparison to USC tailbacks. There have been many talented ones, but USC quarterbacks are often written up, and off, as if they were all left-handed and unable to run (or pass, depending) across a crowded room. They are said to be on scholarship mainly to

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ KLUTMEIER

provide an orderly transfer of the football to the latest all-star tailback—Mike or Q.J. or Anthony or Rocky or, now, Charles—48 times a game. That is more or less what they say about the incumbent, too.

Paul McDonald actually *is* a lefthanded quarterback, the first in 24 years at USC. He can run across a room, but Coach John Robinson says he doubts he could make it to the bathroom in less than 10 seconds. McDonald is a 6'2", 180-pound junior with the smooth boyish face and deep brown eyes of a Norman Rockwell altar boy. Robinson says that as an athlete McDonald reminds him of himself in his youth. "When Paul falls down," he says, "you're scared to death he'll break his elbow."

But McDonald can, too, throw the ball. He is favorably compared in that respect with another really good USC power, Pat Haden, who happened to go to the same high school in Covina, Calif. And when it comes to generating brain waves, Robinson and his perceptive passing coach, Paul Hackett, consider McDonald a Phi Beta Kappa (which he may well be, he is averaging 3.7 out of 4.0 in accounting).

When Robinson and Hackett added a boggling variety of blocking schemes and shifts and men-in-motion plays reminiscent of the Dallas Cowboys to the USC repertoire this season, they ended up with an attack requiring a defense reading, audiblinging demon at quarterback (one Bryant estimated would ordinarily take four years to develop). McDonald was their man. Although in two years at USC he had thrown only 34 passes, and those in games no longer in doubt, he had soaked up a lot of exciting football on the bench. "He's right on schedule," said Hackett.

And last week there McDonald was, sure enough, in all the huckle-rising pressure of Legion Field, before a record and riled-up Alabama crowd of 77,313, regarding a Bryant-coached defense (the scariest kind) as if it were just another row of candles to light while the organist played the doxology. McDonald never fumbled. He threw only one inconsequential interception. He threw two consequential touchdown passes, and, on a wing and a flair, picked the Alabama defense apart with Hackett's diverse and devious play selection. Demise: a whopping 417 yards total offense, and USC 24, Alabama 14.

But was it so surprising? Not if you believe in Hollywood the way USC does.

The night before the game Robinson sat in the lounge of the team's Birmingham hotel to weigh the prospect of facing Alabama one more time. A budding insomniac, he was loose and expansive. His team was an 11-point underdog, he said, though ranked seventh and unbeaten in two games... and was starting 14 players (including those on the special teams) who had never been in a big game before... in what was predicted to be a high-humidity sweatbox of an arena with a wheeling-dealing offense "that could self-destruct at any moment if we start making mistakes"... against what he considered the best college team he had seen since he was an assistant on USC's 1972 USC national champions.

Robinson had censors and hardware with which to console himself, the fact that every time the Trojans had been big underdogs in recent seasons, including three times against Notre Dame, USC had pulled off upsets. And that he was prepared to match Alabama BTU for BTU in sideline air conditioning. He had brought eight units, having seen Alabama deploy them in the Nebraska game when Legion Field steamed at near 100°. And that, at the very least, the Trojans would thrill the fans with their gussied-up offense. "We'll go out there like it was the Rose Bowl," he said. "We're not here to try to stay close."

And he consoled himself with McDonald. "You won't believe this kid," he said. "I've never seen a young man so into a game. He's fascinated by it. I worry sometimes that we're trying to give him too much to do, that we'll blow up with our own weapons. But I don't worry about him handling himself. Even against this club. And, hey, they ain't exactly rubes, you know. Nobody plays a more sophisticated defense than Alabama. It's going to be something to see."

A couple of hours earlier McDonald was with the USC team watching Hooper, a Burt Reynolds movie that featured a spectacular bar fight in which Pittsburgh Steeler Quarterback Terry Bradshaw played a hard-nosed heavy. McDonald said he identified with Bradshaw, being a quarterback and all, but found Bradshaw especially inspirational during the fight scene because when he got whacked in the mush by 1) Reynolds, and 2) a chair, he hardly blinked. "He just spat out a few teeth and kept com-

ing," McDonald said. "Then Reynolds said, 'Uh, oh, I think we're in trouble.' It was great. I thought to myself, 'Well, that's what you have to do against Alabama. Spit 'em out and keep coming.'"

None of his teeth had to be sacrificed, but McDonald rose to such an occasion in the fourth quarter the next day, just when it seemed Alabama might be able to get in the final kick and turn a deserved defeat into victory. McDonald had been cool and workmanlike in the first half as the Trojans established a superiority at the line of scrimmage. Relying most of the time on the brilliant running of White, he drove his team to the threshold of the Alabama goal in the first period, only to fail when White fumbled at the two. But moments later White himself atoned for the error with a marvelous, hurdling 40-yard run to score on the old USC student-body-right power sweep. A pun-taking 23-play, 8½-minute drive culminated in a 40-yard second-quarter field goal by Frank Jordan to push the advantage to 10-0 at halftime.

Then came Alabama, storming back. The Trojans were caught reaching on a counter play, and Halfback Major Ogilvie cut back free and into a corridor up the



middle and ran 41 yards to a touchdown.

There followed a hairy exchange of interceptions as the two giants slugged into the fourth quarter at 10-7 with the tension mounting. Then a short Alabama punt, one of many that day, gave USC possession at the Alabama 39.

Defensively, Alabama had been giving McDonald much to look at but little to see, disguising the whereabouts and intentions of its free safety and roverback so that no one could be sure whether the Tide was setting up to stop the run or the pass. McDonald countered by coming to the line of scrimmage with two plays called—a pass and a run—and then subduing his final selection. Now, from the 39, White ran for six off the right side, where Tight End James Hunter had blocked prodigiously all day. McDonald got eight more on a scramble ("I'm faster than they think," he said later) and a first down at the 25. Fullback Lynn Cain got three, and a pass interference gave USC a first down at the 22. White ran for three and Cain for six. Then White, who proclaimed himself a Heisman candidate as a freshman but now in his junior year says he is running "more intelligently and aggressively"

thanks to Robinson, hurdled an immense tangle of blockers and defenders, miraculously came down on his feet and got seven more to the Alabama six.

Robinson himself sent in the next play. Hackett and McDonald joked later that it was the kind you call and then slap your forehead in disbelief. But it was nevertheless typical of USC's attack. The Trojans not only used a bewildering assortment of splits and sets, but did so with interchangeable components so that what appeared to be a passing formation would be manned by blockers geared to the run. Robinson's brainstem had Flanker Kevin Williams, a 155-pound sophomore, lining up at tailback (Hackett told him to "scrunch over so they don't get a good look at you") and then, on the snap, sprinting outside before angling back across and under the Alabama coverage on the right side. He was all alone at the four when McDonald hit him with the pass that proved to be the decisive touchdown and sweet retribution for last year when the Tide snapped then No. 1 USC's winning streak at 15.

"Brilliant, brilliant!" Robinson said to McDonald coming off the field with the score 17-7, bear-hugging his quarter-

back. "You were phenomenal today."

On September 11 Bryant had been honored with a surprise 65th birthday party in Birmingham, where he was eulogized by a starry cast of former players (Joe Namath, et al.) and opposing coaches (Frank Broyles, Darrell Royal). He grinned through it and said, "This is what I thought my funeral would be like." That being the case, it could be speculated that what he saw on Legion Field would sure as heck bring it on, the Bear being the perfectionist that he is.

Alabama fumbled the ball away twice, missed tackling and blocking assignments glaringly, tipped balls into the hands of USC receivers and ran into themselves in the backfield. Quarterback Jeff Rutledge was intercepted four times. Alabama had a puny 30-yard punting average and was smothered on kick returns by the insatiable USC defense.

The McDonald-to-Williams battery connected again for a 40-yard touchdown midway through the fourth quarter to put USC ahead 24-7. But, as remarkable as it would seem, even with USC piling up so many yards and White rushing for more than any single back has ever gained against Alabama, the Tide was not completely out of the game. They scored on a 41-yard pass from Rutledge to Barry Krauss to make it 24-14, and it took two fumbles by star Running Back Tony Nathan in the final 3½ minutes to begin emptying out Legion Field.

But that is not to say justice would have been served by an Alabama win. Bryant had no illusions. At practice on Thursday he had said, "We've been at it six weeks and we ain't improved this much." He indicated the distance between his thumb and forefinger. "You don't win championships if you don't improve. If you stand still you go backward." On the other hand, he marveled at USC and the personnel it had displayed, "I'd take their culfs," he said.

In the private frenzy of the USC dressing room, to chants of "One! One! One!" John Robinson hopped up onto a chair and put the status of his own team in remarkably candid perspective. "Remember what I told you Thursday," he said, his voice just below a shout. "We're not No. 1, and I'm not voting us No. 1. I'm voting us No. 6. But you're the greatest bunch of human beings I've ever been around, and you're going to be a great team. I sense it. I feel it. You're not No. 1 now, but in January. . ."

END

Major Oglethorpe swarmed under here, but he broke loose on a 41-yard run for 'Bama's first touchdown





About to cross the finish line in his accustomed position, Rodgers is shadowed by his friend Randy Thomas, who battled for the lead throughout the race.

WANT ONE FOR THE ROAD? TRY BILL

In winning his 17th consecutive road race over the last seven months, Bill Rodgers discovered that the Diet Pepsi 10,000-meter national championship hit the spot

by SARAH PILEGGI

Confine Bill Rodgers to a track and he can be beaten now and then. But point him toward the open road, six or 16 or 26 miles of asphalt strewn with pebbles, potholes and hills, and he is indefatigable, indestructible and apparently invincible. Rodgers has not lost a road race since the San Blas half-marathon in Puerto Rico in early February, and there he finished second to Henry Rono. Last week in Purchase, N.Y., a tony suburb north of New York City, Rodgers made it 17 straight when he shook off Randy Thomas, a teammate from the Greater Boston Track Club, and won the first Diet Pepsi 10,000-Meter National AAU Road Racing Championship.

Through four miles of the 6.2-mile race five different runners held the lead, but after that it was essentially a duel be-

tween Thomas and Rodgers. Thomas' stride smooth and contained. Rodgers' longer and sniveling. Behind them came still a third Bostonian, Bob Hodge, and 150 yards behind him, Garry Bjorklund. Then, on the only hill on the course, a steep 600-yard climb that began at about the four-mile mark, Thomas and Rodgers parted company. Starting up the hill Thomas lowered his head slightly and began to drive, pulling away from Rodgers, who seemed to be slowing a little. By the crest of the hill Thomas had opened a lead of 40 yards.

Then it was Rodgers' turn. On the gradual downgrade, it took him only a quarter of a mile to draw even with Thomas again. Wah 300 yards to go. Thomas made one last surge, more like a lunge, into the lead, but immediately

Rodgers took charge, his yellow hair streaming, his pointed face wearing its mildly puzzled racing mask. He reached the finish in 28:36.3, his best time for 10,000 meters on the road. Thomas was at his heels, less than a second behind.

"Hills are what separate track runners from road runners," said Thomas, a 25-year-old graduate student at Boston University and for the last two years a member of the U.S. cross-country team. "Hills make road racing a strength event. I knew I could beat Billy going uphill, but he is by far the best downhill runner there is. He was tired at the top, but he dug down deep and I admire that. He knows what it takes to win."

"Randy's in great shape," said Rodgers. "We ran a dead heat in a half-marathon in Cleveland two weeks ago, the

fastest half-marathon of the year. We tied by mutual agreement. We decided in the last mile and a half to put it off to another day."

One reason Rodgers has the road to himself these days is that Frank Shorter has been convalescing from a foot operation and has been out of action for several months. He ran in Purchase last weekend but, because it was only his second outing since surgery in May, he finished well back, in 24th place.

Shorter's problems began about two years ago, when a piece of bone broke away from the navicular joint of his left ankle and began causing trouble and intermittent pain. As spurs grew up on either side of the joint, the pain increased. Stan James, an orthopedic surgeon in Eugene, Ore., diagnosed Shorter's problem and performed the operation, removing the piece of bone and grinding down the spurs.

For 2½ months, while his foot was in a cast, Shorter could only ride a stationary bicycle. When he was able to run, he began with only 15 minutes a day.

"The whole thing is contrary to a runner's mentality," said Shorter in Purchase. "Runners like to race because the result of the race is a function of their training. How you do is the result of how you train. In this case, there is nothing you can do to make it get better faster. It's a helpless feeling."

The only previous pause in Shorter's 10-year running career was one month in the summer of 1973, the result of a broken metatarsal bone. That time he was in good shape when the break occurred, and had no trouble getting back into racing condition. This time his condition had deteriorated over a long period. "It sounds bizarre," he says, "but it is possible to run 20 miles a day and get out of shape. It's a matter of intensity."

When he had finished last week's race, happy with his progress, Shorter jogged to the head of the straightway to watch his wife come in. As Louise Shorter, four months pregnant, was about to pass two middle-aged male runners on her way to a 43.19, Shorter shouted at the men, "Don't let my pregnant wife beat you!"

The event in Purchase was three ways unique:

- It was the first AAU-sanctioned national championship road race at 10,000 meters. Previously the shortest championship race had been 15 kilometers.

- It was run around the perimeter of PepsiCo's corporate sculpture collection—several million dollars' worth of Calder, Moore, Noguchi, Nevelson, Giacometti, Lipchitz, Smith and others, set about on 140 acres of pristine lawn.

- It emphasized the marriage of road running, the traditional poor relation of track and field, and Big Business. PepsiCo, No. 74 of FORTUNE's 500, has decided to throw in its lot—a little of its lot, anyway—with running, and running can hardly believe its good fortune. A few purists may shudder at the sight of hundreds of thirsty runners gulping thousands of Pepsis while dozens of cameras record the happy event, but in running purists are not long for this world, and besides, the Pepsi show is already on the road. Over the last 12 months, there have been Diet Pepsi 10,000-meter races in 32 cities and towns, and Pepsi's public-relations people anticipate they will sponsor 100 or more next year. Under the Pepsi format local winners, a male and a female in each of four age groups, move on to regional races, and regional winners get a free trip to Purchase for the national. Other high finishers are invited, too, but they have to pay their own way.

Many did just that last week, opportunities for little girls and elderly men to run in the same race with Rodgers and Shorter being rather rare. Rene Elliott, for instance, came from Dallas with her father. She is eight, approximately four feet tall, wears horn-rimmed glasses, and her hair is in a pigtail. She finished in 45:48.4, which improved her previous best time by four minutes and caused Jim Lillstrom, the race administrator, to remark, "If she keeps up that race, by 10 she'll have the world record." On the other hand, Leon Dreher, 57, of Philadelphia, ran a disappointing, to him, 38:58.5, but he was not entirely dissatisfied. "I didn't run very fast," he said, "but I looked good."

Mary Decker, who broke the women's world indoor record for 1,000 yards four years ago when she was 15 and again this year, won the women's division in 34:37.6. A student at the University of Colorado, Decker is back in training after several layoffs. Her leg muscles have a tendency to develop to the point where they create pressure on the fascia, the casings that enclose them, and debilitating pain results. She recently has had a second operation to relieve the pressure.

Shorter has a theory about Decker. "She's too strong for her body," he says. "Her only limitation may be her talent. She may have too much of it."

Rodgers, by contrast, runs on and on, and nothing seems to go wrong. If he keeps to his current schedule, by the end of 1978 he will have run 35 races. His wife Ellen has been given charge of his schedule for next year, and she says, emphatically, that there will be no more than 20 races and preferably only 10 or 12. Meanwhile, though, the boom in road racing is on, and dozens of promoters are vying for Rodgers' presence every week. In fact, two weeks ago he ran a 10-miler in Lynchburg, Va. on Saturday and a 10-kilometer race in Beverly Hills, Calif. on Sunday, and won both of them. As Marty Liquori, one of several track men who are working more road events into their schedules these days, observed over a Diet Pepsi, "A road runner can start the summer six feet tall and finish 5' 6"."

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMITAGE



Recovering from surgery, Shorter did a cameo

THERE'S JUST NO WIZ LIKE SHOW BIZ

At 41, Bill Popfinger is a veteran of 27 years in harness racing, but his name seldom appears in newspapers in anything larger than agate type next to the tire ads. Still, last Friday night, in a saloon on Manhattan's Upper East Side, there was trainer-driver Popfinger explaining to a table of amazed friends just how he had won the Little Brown Jug, pacing's premier prize for 3-year-olds, in Delaware, Ohio the day before. "I had the lights on, the horn honking and the pedal to the metal," he was saying. "I went by those other drivers so fast they got whiplash."

Then Popfinger proposed a toast: "May the Good Lord take a liking to us because we're not all bad." Indeed, because Popfinger's magnificent upset defies logical explanation, perhaps the Good Lord did take a liking to Popfinger in Delaware, and perhaps a sore-footed horse named Happy Escort—a colt thought to have mediocre ability and who generally had confirmed that opinion—wasn't all that bad.

But not all that good, either—he almost certainly was the fourth-best horse in the 13-horse field. But the old maxim inscribed anew in the dust of Delaware was that races don't always go to the swift, that cleverness and luck still count for a lot. Happy Escort, owned by Robert Saslow, the president of Saks Fifth Avenue, did better in the Jug than did the highly regarded Abercrombie, named for the famed old store that recently went bust. Abercrombie, a \$9,500 bargain, whose mother was Bergdorf, had 16 wins in 25 starts this year, including eight straight going into the Jug. He also was within \$70,105 of the record season earnings for any harness horse, the \$584,405 that Green Speed won in 1977. And Escort did better than Falcon Almahurst, who has won more than \$300,000 this year and has handsomely justified the \$150,000 paid for him by owner Charlie Hill, president of Scono Downs in Columbus, Ohio. In the saloon, Popfinger was saying, "What you have to understand about racing is that one day you're up, five days you're down and you take Sundays off." On the circuit, Pop-

finger is known as "Show Biz" because of the phrase he uses in the face of a disappointment, "That's show biz?" And Bill Popfinger has suffered more disappointment this year than anyone should have to say grace over.

When 1978 dawned, he had two 3-year-old pacing colts, Say Hello and Spicy Charlie, in his Florida barn. They were expected to be two of the top three in the nation this year. To have one great one is a dream; two is outright hallucinating. Then in February, Spicy Charlie bowed a tendon, and he hasn't raced yet

Bill Popfinger needed more than a little bit of luck to drive Happy Escort to a win in the Little Brown Jug. He got it by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

this year. Come May, Say Hello, fastest of the 2-year-old crop in 1977, seemed dull. Texas ultimately showed he was hemorrhaging in the lungs under stress, which ended his racing career. He was syndicated as a stud for \$1.5 million, a few months earlier, the offer had been \$3.5 million.

Then Popfinger's 2-year-old pacer, Escape Artist—purchased for \$260,000, the most ever for a yearling—developed trouble in his left knee. No more racing



Show Biz Popfinger lets Happy Escort, held by groom Mark Lowe, get a taste of the Little Brown Jug

for him this year. He could be worth \$300,000 or so as a stud, a pittance compared with what he might have brought. "That's show biz," said Popfinger. "If everything is good, it's no fun." Then, in August, Popfinger had a disagreement with one of his main owners, Leon Machiz of Kings Point, N.Y., who had bought Say Hello and Escape Artist, among others. As a result, Popfinger quit as trainer of eight Machiz horses. "That's show biz," he said. "We were all disappointed."

Popfinger bought Escort for a ho-hum \$21,000 because "I thought he was kind of a racy-looking horse." At the auction, few others shared that view. Going into the Jug, Escort had won \$94,212 this year, though none of it in a race involving Abercrombie or Falcon; indeed, Es-

cort had never raced against either, on eminently sensible grounds. "He's not as good," said Popfinger, who sent the colt to the Jug with no great enthusiasm. Once in Delaware, Escort suffered a quarter crack in the heel of his right foot—equivalent to a split nail in a human, but producing pain equivalent to that of an ingrown toenail. Popfinger made an emergency trip to the scene, looked over the colt, ordered him put in new shoes, and 15 minutes before the \$2,000 starting fee had to be paid decided to go ahead with it.

With 13 entries, the Jug field was split into two divisions. As the luck of the draw would have it, Abercrombie, Falcon, Almahurst and the Joe O'Brien-trained Flight Director—the big three—all were in the second division. Escort was in the first division with all the donkeys and he won heel-hawing in a ho-hum 1:57½. But the action—and the eventual winner—surely would come from the other division.

In that one, Falcon, driven by Billy Houghton, got the inside post position in the field of six while Abercrombie left from the three hole. When Falcon ripped off a 27½ first quarter, the crowd was electrified. Glen Garmsey, driving Abercrombie, was content to race along outside Falcon much of the way because of his supreme confidence in his colt's come-from-behind ability. At breakfast before the race Garmsey had mused, "It's an awful thing to say but I think I can be parked the entire mile and still win." However, hampered in part by the short homestretch at Delaware, Abercrombie couldn't get it done, losing by a length and a quarter. But even Houghton, who had driven Falcon to a world half-mile track record 1:55½, conceded afterward, "If Abercrombie had had the rail, I'd've been in trouble."

Next, the first four finishers in each division lined up to test one another. Grumped O'Brien, "I tried all summer to find a way to beat Abercrombie and I couldn't. Flight Director and I both feel good enough but we can't go enough." Once again Falcon was inside Abercrombie, and this time Garmsey decided he would go at Falcon from the start rather than waiting until the end, but Falcon wouldn't give up the lead. The two fought and scratched: their sulkies cracked together once. Most of all, they were each other out—enough so that, at last, Flight

Director had a win. At 20 to 1 Abercrombie, who deserved better, was a thoroughly thrashed last. Happy Escort had a safe trip and finished fourth. But nobody noticed. Typical.

And now, because no horse had yet won twice, came the race-off—heat winners Falcon, Almahurst and Flight Director and—oh, yes—Happy Escort. Under harness rules, Flight Director got the highly advantageous inside post position because he had won the most recent heat, Falcon was in the middle, with Happy Escort on the outside. Sizing up the competition, Popfinger asked Houghton, "What am I doing here? I might as well go home."

Which would it be, Falcon or Flight Director? The duel began with Flight Director taking the lead. With all three nearing the quarter-mile marker, Popfinger put the pedal to the metal, moved outside and swept past the two startled biggies. Admitted O'Brien, "I didn't intend to let him go, but he outpaced me." Said Houghton, "I heard him coming and I couldn't believe it." Houghton said he thinks he should have taken off after Escort right then, but he didn't. "That's where I blew it," he said.

Pacing easily and heading home at the three-quarters pole, Popfinger recalls thinking, "Man, I'm going to be tough to beat." Escort beat Flight Director by three-quarters of a length in an unimpressive 2:00½, but nobody was counting. Popfinger tossed his \$12 whip to a security guard as a souvenir.

For his effort, Escort won \$49,491.40 of the record \$186,760 purse. Not bad for a colt that frequently raced for purses of \$12,000 this summer. The crowd also was a record—40,896 beer-drinking, sal-on-the-bay-bales-in-pickup-trucks folks.

"Coming into the race-off," says Popfinger in the saloon, "I was like a football player whose team is behind 30-0 in the last quarter but who still thinks something might happen and his team can still win." What prompted him to make his daring move? "Anytime you're in a two- or three-horse field, the only strategy is to be on top," he said. The lights were on, the horns were honking and Show Biz was reflecting on his good fortune. "Whew, if this is the worst it ever gets, I'm in good shape," he said. But in truth, nobody knows better than Bill Popfinger how bad things can get. Or how good.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY COOKE





For the 60 minutes of regulation time it was strictly a battle of field-goal kickers: the Browns' Cockroft (left) and the Steelers' Gerela kicked three apiece

OFFICIALLY, SUDDENLY, IT WAS PITTSBURGH

Helped by a controversial call by the officials, the undefeated Steelers scored early in overtime to hand Cleveland its first defeat **by DAN JENKINS**

The Pittsburgh Steelers and the Cleveland Browns have been playing these Blue Collar Bowls for almost 30 years now, but there had never been one that went into overtime, and there certainly had never been one where somebody diagrammed the winning play with a stick on artificial turf. Obviously, that must have been what happened, because the Steelers beat the Browns 15-9 last Sunday before 50,000 hard hats in Three Rivers Stadium when Terry Bradshaw handed the football off to Rocky Bleier, who handed it off to Lynn Swann, who pitched it back to Bradshaw, who then hurled it some 40,000 yards in the air to

Bernie Cunningham for a touchdown. Elapsed time on the vacant lot play, about a day and a half, breaking the record set by Amos Alonzo Stagg.

In truth, nobody deserved to win the game by 15-9, or any other score, except possibly the officials. They had a wonderful afternoon throwing their flags and making their "judgment calls" on all of the midair collisions which mark this rivalry. Early in the day, the predictable holding call erased a Cleveland touchdown. And very late in the day, like on the overtime kickoff, a bad call likely cost the nervy and gutsy Browns a victory.

Moving right along past all of the field

goals—three apiece by Pittsburgh's Roy Gerela and Cleveland's Don Cockroft—that brought about the 9-9 tie at the end of regulation play, we take you now to that overtime kickoff going into the arms of the Steelers' Larry Anderson at the Pittsburgh 10-yard line. Along about his own 21-yard line, Anderson slips down all by himself, and then he gets up and continues running for three more yards. Whereupon Anderson is tackled and fumbles the ball into the grateful arms of Cleveland's Rocky Feacher on about the Pittsburgh 25-yard line. Cleveland's ball, right? For, as the rules say, a man is not down if he stumbles or slips on his own, as Anderson clearly did, until he is touched by an opponent. He can get up and run, as Anderson did.

Well, the officials ruled that Anderson was down at the 21-yard line, even though he had not been touched by a Cleveland player. So the Steelers retained possession, and nine plays and 3-43 later, Bradshaw threw his 37-yard touchdown bomb to Cunningham, which meant that once again the Steelers had

prevented the Browns from winning their first game ever in Three Rivers. Thus, the Steelers are 4-0 in the AFC Central, and, with a schedule that is not altogether fierce, they already have the look of a playoff team even if they don't strike you as being as efficient as those Pittsburgh outfits that won back-to-back Super Bowls in 1975 and 1976.

One of the reasons the Steelers did not appear particularly magnificent probably was Cleveland, which lost for the first time after beating San Francisco, Cincinnati and Atlanta the first three weeks of the season. The Browns are mainly a no-name bunch, but they have verve and they are physical. They might easily have won the game against the Steelers, too, because they led by 9-3 with only a quarter to go. By then Quarterback Brian Sipe had been denied not one, but two touchdown passes on penalties, and a couple of other sure sixes had been dropped. There

was not much to say for Cleveland's running game, but Greg Pruitt was injured and did not play, and Cleveland without Greg Pruitt is a little bit like Mother Nature without lightning.

It is tempting to say that even in defeat Cleveland was more surprising—and perhaps more impressive—than the Steelers, for the simple reason that the Browns were expected to be swept out of the stadium and onto a water taxi cruising the Allegheny. This did not come close to happening. If anything, it was Pittsburgh that was close to prayers as the game wore on. The fact is, Cleveland is off to a fine start under new Coach Sam Rutigliano, a capable and likable chap who has the wit, charm and apparent know-how to become a star in the

continued

On the "padget" play for the winning TD, Bradshaw found Cunningham alone near the goal line





Sam Rutigliano advocates the relaxed approach

STEELERS VS. BROWNS

X-and-O fraternity after waiting half a lifetime for the opportunity.

Rutigliano and Sipe are hardly what you would call marketable names in the NFL. But Rutigliano gives Sipe confidence, and his blockers give him time to throw, and the Cleveland play selection—from wherever it comes—has many elements of surprise.

In appearance, Rutigliano is sort of a road company Art Paraghi. He is a fellow of such taste that he has dressed up his coaching staff in chocolate slacks, beige sweaters and white shoes, ensembles that made them look as if they were headed for the first tee at Oakmont Sunday instead of the stadium. This says nothing of Rutigliano's humor, but it does speak of the relaxed atmosphere he has brought to the Browns, which Sipe maintains is partly responsible for their success so far.

Rutigliano humor goes like this.

"I don't have bed checks. Why get caught up in the color of doorknobs?"

"Football teams don't have to eat steak and eggs for breakfast on game days. Some guys like spaghetti, and I like hot and a bagel."

"I've had so many assistant jobs, my

wife has developed a good relationship with United Van Lines."

"The game should be fun. The cemetery is full of indispensable people."

As for Sipe, the Browns' 13th-round draft choice from San Diego State in 1972, he doesn't particularly look like a quarterback, but his arm is plenty strong enough, as evidenced by the two touchdown passes which didn't count that he threw against the Steelers. On one of them, he wandered around for a while and finally tossed a 51-yarder to Reggie Rucker. Problem was, Sipe had wandered one step past the line of scrimmage before he released the ball.

On the other occasion, Sipe got one of his bucks, Tom Sullivan, isolated on a Steeler linebacker, Loren Toews, and hit him with a beautiful 17-yard spiral in the Pittsburgh end zone. Problem was, the officials called Cleveland Guard Robert E. Jackson for holding. This was in the second quarter, at a time when the Steelers led 3-0. The holding call killed not only the touchdown but also the drive, and the Browns settled for the first of Cockcroft's field goals, which tied the score 3-3.

Very quickly, the Browns got another field goal. On the kickoff Pittsburgh's Anderson indisputably fumbled—even the officials agreed—and Cleveland recovered on the Steelers' 14. Anderson fumbled because the Browns' Larry Collins, a rookie from Texas A&I who already has been represented by about seven agents, hit him so hard the crash could be heard in Alliquippa. Sipe failed on two passes, and he also failed to read the Steelers' blitz on third down, so Cockcroft added another three-pointer—this time from 30 yards.

It was 6-3 for Cleveland at halftime, but the zebras were really in the lead, having called 14 penalties. Still another Pittsburgh turnover was responsible for Cockcroft's third field goal. This was brought about by one of Free Safety Thom Darden's two interceptions, giving him five this season. Darden stole Bradshaw's pass as it was headed toward Swann and he ran it back to near mid-field. An interference call against the Steelers later accounted for 24 yards, and Cockcroft subsequently booted a 41-yard field goal to make it 9-3.

Then Bradshaw and Franco Harris and all of those heroes of years past realized they had better get something going. Bradshaw called mostly quick openers for

Franco, mixed in one of his six dazzling completions to Swann, and swiftly moved the Steelers to the Cleveland 15, from where Gerela kicked his second field goal on the first play of the fourth quarter. Now it was 9-6 Cleveland.

Two big plays by Bradshaw midway through the period put the Steelers into position for a 36-yard Gerela field goal that tied the game at 9-9 and forced the overtime. On one play Bradshaw scrambled for 17 yards, and on the other he shot a 23-yard pass to John Stallworth.

Bradshaw was surely relieved. As he said later, "We were somewhere milking cows out there. We were squeezing and not getting anything out." He added, "This wasn't the same offense we had the first three weeks, but maybe the Browns had something to do with it."

True enough, because Pittsburgh Linebacker Jack Lambert had said earlier, talking about the Blue Collar Bowl, "We bring out the orrery in each other."

These Blue Collar Bowls have a lusty history, not all of it having to do with what happens on the field. It is a game where either 10,000 Cleveland fans or 10,000 Pittsburgh fans load up on shots and beer, then load up on buses or campers and go 135 miles in one direction or the other for an Archie Bunker upstate party. One year the Cleveland police chief called Pittsburgh Owner Art Rooney and said he didn't mind Art's fans falling off the buses when they arrived, but he sort of hated to see the drivers doing the same thing.

In the beginning, Cleveland always won the game with its Otto Graham and Marion Motleys and Lou Grozas. It was four years and eight games before Pittsburgh won for the first time in 1954. Jim Finks, who now is the Chicago Bears' general manager, was the Steeler quarterback in those pre-Bobby Layne, pre-Bradshaw days, and he threw four touchdown passes to a group of people Rooney called his "No College" receivers as the Steelers won 55-27. Late in that game Finks said in the huddle, "I'm in ecstasy," and some Steeler offensive tackle, obviously from "No College," grinned and said, "On what count?"

Such is the lore of the series, a war that matches NFL teams that don't even have cheerleaders—half naked or otherwise. If they did, of course, they would probably look more like Ward Bond than the Embraceable Cowgirls. It is also a series matching teams that can't even afford

continued



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Simulated TV picture of actress Samantha Eggar shown on a 25" diagonal ColorTrak console. Its contemporary cabinet design is highlighted by a rich pecan finish on hardwood, chrome plated base and simulated wood trim — Model GC 909

*ChannelLock Tuner not available in Models FC 493 and FC 479

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A black matrix on the tube helps absorb reflected room light.

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A superb color picture, automatically.

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Can low tar MERIT with "Enriched Flavor" deliver the flavor of high tar cigarettes—and continue to satisfy former smokers of those high tar brands?

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
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This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT is what it claims to be. The first major alternative to high tar smoking.

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ford helmet decals. The Browns wear none, and the Steelers have them on only one side. Ed Kiely, the Steelers' longtime director of public relations, says, "It's the most-often-asked question by our fans. Why the decal on only one side? You want the true answer? The equipment man's lazy."

The Blue Collars aside, after the Steelers were fortunate enough to keep possession on the non-fumble of the overtime kickoff, one had to assume they would then find a way to go ahead and win the game. Another Bradshaw-to-Stallworth pass got them moving for 17 yards to their 41, and when they were confronted with a fourth-and-one on the 50, they took the gamble and sent Harris pounding into the middle for the first down. Then again, maybe it isn't much of a gamble when you have a Harris at your disposal. Still, it was risky. After that, Bradshaw hit Swann for 11 yards. Bleier made a yard, and now it was second down and time at the Cleveland 37. It was looking very much like Roy Gerela time again for the Steelers.

But that was when Bradshaw spoke the following words in the Pittsburgh huddle: "This is it. Fake 84 reverse, gadget pass."

The play unfolded with Bleier taking a hand-off from Bradshaw and starting to his right. It continued with Bleier handing the ball off to Swann, who had set to the right but now was running back across the field to his left. For a moment it seemed as though it was going to be some kind of an end-around play, something terribly in vague around the NFL these days.

Suddenly, though, Swann pitched the ball back to Bradshaw, who was retreating. All the while Bradshaw had been watching Cunningham, his tight end, churning toward the right corner of the Cleveland end zone, and he saw that Cunningham was open. The pass was perfect. So was the catch on the three by Cunningham, who then loped alone across the goal line. But why not let Swann describe it in the words of a poet.

"After I finished my fake," he said, "I saw Terry standing as tall as a redwood. The ball was a mile in the air, and Benjie was towering over the secondary. It was the prettiest thing I ever saw."

It was just about the only perfectly executed play of the whole day, but even a Blue Collar Bowl deserves a touch of beauty.

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The women posed unaffectedly, but the male models at the charity fashion show in the grand ballroom of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel were as self-conscious as schoolboys at a dance class. Like so many silent comedians, they grimaced and minced down the runway in their finery, disguising embarrassment with slapstick. These were professional ballplayers—the defending National League champion Los Angeles Dodgers, to be precise—not professional models, and their discomfort shone through their idiosyncratic grins and exaggerated posturing. Don Sutton, a parody of a Mafia boss in trench coat and wide-brimmed chapeau, mugged outrageously, exhorting the predominantly female audience to applaud his wife Pat. Who preceded him on the runway. Burt Hooton, the poker-faced Cy Young Award candidate, unsuccessfully evinced detachment. Huge dark glasses masked Tommy John's timidity, but a comical strut betrayed him. "Are you always such fun, you Dodgers, you?" chirped Mary Ann Mobley, the actress and 1959 Miss America, who was a mistress of ceremonies.

The large dark figure who next assumed the stage was emphatically not a fun person. With his slender wife Ernestine pirouetting before him, wearing a V-necked cashmere sweater and white flannel slacks, Reggie Smith advanced stolidly toward the runway. His mustache-countenance was as solemn as a mortician's, and he walked stiffly forward, the picture of a man fulfilling an unwanted obligation. No clown he. Let the others play the fool. Yet he was an arresting presence in an alpaca greatcoat, wool crepe trousers, leather vest and cashmere scarf. Mr. Guy, the Beverly Hills designer who created this ensemble, could not have been better served by a professional clotheshorse. In such regal habiliment, the Dodgers' rightfielder seemed the incarnation of the Moor of Venice himself—"then must you speak of one that loved not wisely but too well." The audience did not giggle under his baleful gaze; when at last he smiled, there was only nervous laughter.

But Smith is not always what he seems

HIS OLD SELF IS ON THE SHELF

Reggie Smith once had baseball's least savory reputation, but he has grown into a peacemaker and the best player on his league's best team, the Dodgers

by RON FIMRITE

to be. He just looks like Othello. The stiff walk and the austere mien betrayed not so much contempt for the proceedings—he rather enjoyed himself, in fact—as excruciating pain. Five days earlier, in a critical game against the Giants, he had taken a swing at a Jim Baur pitch and reactivated a high school football injury. He had not played all week. He was unable to rise naturally from a chair, let alone swing for the fences or pursue fly balls. Changing from his own expensively cut, gray pinstripe, three-piece suit into Mr. Guy's regalia was in itself an ordeal. When it was suggested that he "disco" down the runway, as some of his less inhibited teammates had done, he merely winced in reply. But the beneficiary of the fashion show—the Florence Crittenton Services for unwed mothers and their children—seemed worthy to him, and he felt obliged to do his part.

Smith's ready participation in such charitable endeavors, his readiness, for that matter, to participate in any Dodger promotion, is representative of what some believe to be his new persona. He appears now as a man of peace and good works, cooperative to a fault, self-sacrificing and, if not self-effacing, at least unassuming. He has struggled manfully to

shuck off perhaps the most unsavory reputation in all of baseball. Actually, he was a man of several reputations, all of them unattractive. The old Smith was seen variously as a malcontent, a malingerer, a troublemaker and a racial agitator. Smith protests that his malevolent old self and his benevolent new self are really the same self; the difference, he says, lies only in how he is perceived by others. The reputations he acquired early in his 13-year major league career forever preceded him, influencing the perceptions of employers, teammates and spectators. Only under the loving banner of Dodger blue has he been accepted without prejudice and malice aforethought. In this blue heaven, his true personality has flourished, he stoutly maintains. In fact, though the myth of Dodger camaraderie has been debunked this season, Smith has remained above the battle, a figure of esteem.

"He's been good to me," says Billy North, an outfielder who came to the Dodgers early this season after five years with the quarrelsome A's. "He's been cat-

continued

Smith still looks menacing, especially to pitchers, whom he has ripped for 61 homers in 1977 '78



egorized, had a label put on him. The insecurity of other people manifests itself in labels."

"Once you get a reputation, it's hard to get rid of it," says Bill Russell, the Los Angeles shortstop. "People tend to leave their bad reputations when they come to this organization. Reggie Smith is an outstanding man in the Dodger tradition, and he's been the difference between first and second place for us."

"When I look at him I see a lot of me," says Tommy Lasorda, the Dodgers' short, plump, white manager. "He's the kind of guy who doesn't want to be pushed around. His heart is as big as his body, and he's very sensitive about his family."

"He's been a leader and a good friend," says Steve Garvey, who nowadays might be expected to feel miffed about the new Smith.

Sutton's exalted opinion of Smith was expressed rather undiplomatically late last month. Complaining that Garvey, "the All-American Boy," got most of the publicity, Sutton argued, "The best player on this team for the last two years—and we all know it—has been Reggie Smith. Reggie doesn't go out and publicize himself. He doesn't smile at the

right people or say the right things. Reggie's not a facade or a Madison Avenue image. He's a real person."

These well-publicized remarks were, predictably, not well received by Garvey, and after an acrimonious exchange in the Dodger clubhouse at Shea Stadium on Aug. 20, he and Sutton grappled. Among those separating them was the veteran clubhouse brawler, Smith. And after the tussle ended, it was Smith who spoke separately to the combatants, explaining that he was a friend of each, that he wished them to be friends with each other and that, while he appreciated the one's compliments, he regretted that those compliments had embarrassed the other player. He also suggested that airing the smoldering differences between the two men might prove beneficial in the long haul.

He could not have been more right. The Dodgers won 21 of their next 32 games and pulled away from the Giants and Reds to such a commanding lead in the National League West that last week Los Angeles became the first team this season to clinch a division title. During that hot streak, which also served to make the Dodgers solid favorites to repeat as National League champions—whether

their opponents in next week's playoffs be the Phillies or the Pirates—Sutton won three games and lost one, and Garvey batted .500 on the days Sutton pitched.

After his stormy apprenticeship with the Boston Red Sox, Smith qualifies as an expert on clubhouse civil war. The Boxox of the late '60s and early '70s were about as unified as Rhodesia, and the old—or rather the young—Smith could be found in the middle of every fray. He got off on the wrong foot, he now realizes, as early as his rookie year, 1967, when he alienated the Boston press. The gaffe was committed early one morning in Detroit.

"George Scott and I were rooming together then, and our wake-up call was late," Smith recalls. "We were in a panic. We threw our clothes together and rushed out to the team bus. Well, it looked as if they were going to take off without us. That made me mad. I said out loud that that was a rotten thing to even think about. 'The bus always waits for the press,' I said. 'How come it can't wait for us?' One of the media guys said something and I got even madder. I said something I shouldn't have and sat down. That was the beginning of it for me. I



Smith took up little other instruments before settling on the drums, which he plays with such virtuosity that he sits in with combos in L.A. and on the road.

was a brash rookie and they didn't like that comment at all.

"My relations with the press deteriorated rapidly after that. One of the reporters said to me, 'Son, I made you, now I'll break you.' I didn't help matters by sometimes not wanting to talk. It wasn't that I was mad at anyone. I just didn't feel like talking. I made some errors—mostly throwing errors—in those first years. I thought my arm was strong enough to throw out any runner who tried to go from first to third. So instead of throwing behind the runner, I'd go for the big play. They were mistakes. I admit that. But they were rookie mistakes. I'd make an error, and then I'd talk to myself with my head down. 'You jerk.' I'd say. The crowd and the press got the idea I was the kind who got down on himself after a mistake. That wasn't it at all. I never lost confidence in myself."

The Red Sox of that tempestuous era were a team of cliques. "It was ridiculous," Smith says. "I sometimes wondered whether we were a ball club or a social club. I got along well with Carl Yastrzemski. Consequently, those who disliked him disliked me. There were three or four cliques. There was the Yaz group, the Ken Harrelson group, the Jim Lonborg group and, later, the Conigliaro group, which was not only a clique but a family. People would throw parties just so they could not invite the guys they disliked. Then the other guys would throw their own parties and not invite the ones who didn't invite them."

In Smith's last year with the Red Sox, 1973, he set a major league record for run-ins by a switch-hitting outfielder. He aroused the ire of the team physician, Dr. Thomas Tierney, by refusing to accept his diagnosis that there was nothing seriously wrong with his left knee, which, says Smith, "was killing me." Smith sought a second opinion, and when a doctor at the Tufts New England Medical Center told him he had a ligament tear, he confronted Dr. Tierney and team officials with the new diagnosis. The Sox insisted upon a third examination, which, says Smith, confirmed the Tufts' findings. To be healthy again, he would need several weeks' rest. Still, says Smith, Dr. Tierney prescribed only a cortisone shot and a couple of days on the bench.

Smith reluctantly agreed to this treatment, but when the trainer told him the doctor had said nothing about an injection,

he was both confused and enraged. "Then the manager, Eddie Kasko, came up to me and asked if I could pinch-hit that day," Smith recalls.

It was the final straw. "I went out and got all my bats and dumped them at his feet. 'If that's all I mean to you—a bat—then pick one,' I said. Kasko called me into his office and asked me what was wrong. I told him my knee was killing me and that I wasn't about to jeopardize my future, my family's future, by playing when I was hurting that badly. He went along with me, even though it may have cost him his job."

The incident served to advance the notion that Smith was a malingeringer. The Boston fans, already disenchanted because he had not yet achieved the superstardom for which he seemed destined when he arrived in the majors at age 21, turned on him with a vengeance. Amid the familiar choruses of boos, Smith began to hear the strains of "Goodbye, Reggie; goodbye, Reggie; goodbye, Reggie, we're glad to see you go."

Smith further annoyed the fans when, responding to a reporter's question, he said he agreed with former Celtics star Bill Russell that Boston was among the more racially segregated cities in the nation. "Instead of leaving it right there," Smith says, "I started to defend the statement. I didn't need to defend it, but I did. I pointed to specific areas of racism. I had worked with kids in Roxbury, and I told the reporters that the place was about to explode. I said you could actually feel the hostility. I was right, but that turned the people against me. Bottles were thrown at my house. My son heard nasty things said about me in school. Someone scratched my car with a key. I was called all kinds of names. Well, Boston is a racist city. I should have suspected something when one of the top guys in the Red Sox front office told me I had the kind of body that could last a long time in baseball. I was complimented at first. Then he said, 'Blacks have that kind of body.'"

Labeled as a malingeringer and an agitator, Smith added yet another dimension to his reputation in a contretemps with Pitcher Bill Lee, a player he still regards with misgiving. "They call him the Spaceman," Smith says contemptuously. "Well, don't kid yourself, Bill Lee knows exactly what he's doing all the time. He got the reputation he wanted. He worked at it. That's O.K., but one day we were



In St. Louis, Smith was called a malingeringer.

in an important series in Milwaukee, and our haters were being thrown at without retaliation. When their Billy Champion hit another one of our guys with a punch, I yelled at him, 'You better get some control or someone is going to get killed out there.' Lee took that as an insult. He said, 'You want to pitch this game?' I accused him of not protecting our players. I called him gutless. In the eighth inning I was taken out of the game, and as I went upstairs to the clubhouse, I noticed Lee was right behind me. We wrestled and were separated, but he got in a kick at my eye while I was being held. After the game I was told Lee was looking for me."

Their subsequent bout resulted in a one-punch knockout by Smith. It remains a mystery why anyone would challenge a man of Smith's musculature. He appears even larger than his six feet, 196 pounds, and he has dabbled in karate. Perhaps Lee was seeking only to secure his Spaceman image. News of the fight was reported to the press—not by Smith—and more unfavorable publicity

continued

was heaped upon the Red Sox outfielder.

When the inevitable trade came, Smith was relieved. But controversy continued to dog him in St. Louis. He hit .309 with 23 homers and 100 RBIs for the Cardinals in 1974, and hit .302 with 19 homers in '75, but he injured his left shoulder on the second day of the 1976 season and his hitting fell off dramatically. He was also engaged in a seemingly minor dispute with the Cardinal management over deferred salary payments. Then, to his considerable surprise, he was sent to the Dodgers on the June 15 trading deadline. A Cardinal official, whom Smith refuses to name, leaked it to the newspapers that Smith was being traded because he had been feigning injury. "Here is the injury I was supposed to have feigned," Smith said recently, rolling up his shirt sleeve to expose an ugly scar on his left shoulder. "It was a loose piece of cartilage. Dr. Frank Jobe of the Dodgers operated on it immediately after the '76 season." Smith played hurt for the Dodgers during the second half of the 1976 schedule, hitting .280 with 10 home runs in 65 games. Last year he hit .307, with 32 homers, 87 runs batted in and 104 runs, and was chosen by the Dodger fans as the team's Most Valuable Player.

Smith was ahead of last year's pace this season—29 homers, 92 RBIs—and hitting .300 when he reinjured his back on Sept. 11. Though the injury did not cost the Dodgers the division championship as many Angelenos feared it would, it may have cost Smith, who did not get back into the lineup until last Wednesday when the Dodgers' magic number was down to three. Though Garvey came on strong during Smith's absence, Reggie was still able to win Dodger MVP honors again. But because Dave Parker of the Pirates has been outstanding during his team's late run at the Phillies, he would now seem to have a clear edge on Smith in the voting for the league's MVP trophy. But whether Smith wins that award, it is undeniable that he, more than any other Dodger, kept Los Angeles close enough to the division lead to make its final rush pay off.

A healthy Smith is an imposing specimen. He swings with power from either side of the plate, he can still run, despite his aching knees, and he has one of the strongest throwing arms in baseball. He is also capable of the sort of streak hitting that can carry a team for short pe-



The move to L.A., which let Smith be near his aching dad, has left Reggie and Ernestine smiling.

riods. In an 11-game stretch this season, from July 17 to 28, Smith hit .395 with 12 runs, 19 RBIs, seven homers, a triple, three doubles, two stolen bases, three game-winning hits and two winning runs scored. The Dodgers were third, three games out of first, when the streak began; they were second, one game out, when it ended. Then, in six games—four of them against the then-division-leading Giants—from Aug. 10 to 16, he batted an even .500 (13 for 26), hit six homers, drove in 14 runs, scored eight and had two game-winning hits. The Dodgers were in third place, a game out, at the start of this splurge; they were first, a game ahead, when it ended.

But held high, feet well spread, Smith cooies power at the plate. He was chal-

lenging George Foster and Greg Luzinski for the league championship in home runs when he hurt his back. Four Dodgers—Smith, Garvey, Ron Cey and Dusty Baker—hit 30 or more homers a year ago. Smith is the only one likely to do so this year. His reflexes have slowed somewhat, he concedes, but he is still a devastating fastball hitter. "There was a time when I could pull any fastball," he says. "Now I have to look for one I can handle. As a result, I'm waiting longer and getting more walks. I'm much more selective."

Of all the notoriety heaped upon him, what has hurt Smith most is his reputation for feigning injury. In truth, he plays hurt most of the time. In his 13 seasons, he has had a strained Achilles tendon, the sore shoulder, ligament and

cartilage damage to his knees, bone chips in his right elbow, the recurring bad back and high blood pressure. And if all this were not enough, earlier this year he was attacked in the Dodger Stadium parking lot by two toughs, one of whom crowded him with a beer bottle. It was a grievous miscalculation on their part, because Smith gave them both a sound thrashing, and a criminal complaint was filed against the two assailants. One admitted guilt and the other pleaded no contest; they each were fined \$180 and put on 18 months' probation.

For all of Smith's physical ailments, it is his psyche that most intrigues the game's legion of amateur doctors. Smith has a sometimes volcanic reaction to injustice, real or imagined, despite a childhood astonishingly free of strife. Reggie was the seventh of eight children born to Lonnie and Nellie Smith. The parents were both tailors and kept their family completely outfitted until a serious automobile accident forced Lonnie to fall back on a less physically demanding occupation, the family's egg business. "He would buy his eggs in Orange County and sell them in L.A.," says Reggie. "When I was only 11, 12 years old, I was a door-to-door salesman. We were never poor. At least we never thought of ourselves as poor. There was always food on the table—eggs anyway—but I never had a store-bought suit of clothes until after elementary school. I was very close to my parents. I spent a lot of time with them."

Music was an interest shared by all the Smiths. Lonnie sang, one sister played the clarinet, another the piano. Nellie was a pianist, and Reggie played almost everything. He started with the cello and then proceeded to the saxophone, clarinet, flute, piano, trombone, guitar, violin, bass and, finally, drums, which he plays well enough to appear in clubs in Los Angeles and on the road. He considers Buddy Rich and Frank Sinatra's drummer, Irv Cottler, his mentors.

Reggie was the only successful athlete in the family, but he was a bona fide whiz—an all-state performer in both baseball and football at Centennial High in Compton and the recipient of numerous college football-scholarship and baseball-bonus offers. He eventually signed with the Minnesota Twins after graduation in 1963, but was obtained a year later by the Red Sox when the Twins refused to protect him in the minor league draft.

Raised in a loving, close family, lionized as a high school athlete, a sensitive, intelligent, musically talented youngster, he learned some harsh realities in his first year of pro baseball, when the Twins farmed him out to Wytheville, Va. in the Appalachian League. As a schoolboy in racially mixed Los Angeles neighborhoods, Smith had moved easily among whites, blacks and Chicanos, but in the South of 1963, he found himself an alien.

"In my family, the one thing we were taught was respect for self and for others," he says. "Hate" was a word we were not allowed to use. It was considered worse than any swearword. Then I went to the South. I was in fights every day. I just couldn't understand the prejudice. They were ready to hang me down there. Finally, one day the woman who was boarding me took me to a back room in her house. She opened a cabinet door, and I could see it was filled with liquor of every description. It turns out she was the town bootlegger. 'Look, son,' she said to me, 'I don't need all the attention you're bringing me.' I calmed down after that. I began to withdraw, to become, for the first time in my life, bitter."

By the time he came to the Red Sox to stay in 1967, Smith's bristling self-confidence was tinged with a certain wariness. Boston won the pennant that year, but life at the top was not what he had hoped it would be. Those dreams would not be fulfilled until he joined the Dodgers nearly 10 years later. In Los Angeles he found something infinitely more satisfying than success—peace of mind.

A couple of weeks ago, Smith was seated alongside the swimming pool of his fine country-style house in Chatsworth, deep in the San Fernando Valley. The living room, site of a recent family concert, was cluttered with musical instruments and phonograph records from a vast collection that exhibits the catholicity of the Smiths' tastes. Their discs and tapes run from Chopin to Sinatra, from *My Fair Lady* to hard rock and jazz. Ernestine straightened up the mess while her husband entertained at poolside. High school sweethearts, the Smiths were married the year after their graduation. They have a 10-year-old son, Reggie Jr., and a 6-year-old daughter, Nicole.

"This is the happiest I've ever been," Smith said, ignoring the pain in his back. "I've learned how to relax. I've learned that this is nothing more than a game. I'm not going to pay for it with my emo-

tions any longer. I've got a contract that runs through 1981, and I've got all the respect a player could ask for. My shoulder is healed and I've gotten to play in another World Series. People say I've changed. I don't know. I'm 33 now, not 22, but my attitude is the same. I've always played this game aggressively, but now I'm playing better because of experience. I'm bigger and I'm stronger. I can no longer outrun my mistakes, but I don't make as many.

"It's funny how some things become a blessing in disguise. I enjoyed playing in St. Louis, but we had already planned to move home to L.A. before I was traded. And in September of that year, my dad got really sick. Uremia. He nearly died, but Dr. Robert Woods of the Dodgers managed to cut through all the red tape and get him right into the Veterans Hospital in Westwood. He wouldn't be alive today if I hadn't been here, playing with the Dodgers. Now he's up and around, doing all the things he wants to do."

He shifted uneasily in the pool chair. "There are a lot of blessings in disguise. My experiences with the Red Sox, for example, were invaluable. I learned there to deal with any kind of controversy. What I would really like to do is organize some kind of college curriculum on the psychology of the professional athlete. I'd like to analyze the uniqueness of the experience. Here we all are from different ethnic, economic and social backgrounds, and yet we're together as a single unit. We must have something in common. Our attitudes must be pretty much the same. We're all competitive. We all want to win. Take the Dodgers. We're a good blend of strong personalities. If nothing else, the Garvey-Sutton thing proved we're human. That happens in the best of families."

That night the Dodgers shut out the Braves for the second straight time. Smith, still hurting, did not play, but he shared in the pleasures of victory afterward. The win put his team that much closer to the division championship and another chance in the World Series. Smith was happy; this latest injury had cost him some personal goals, but he did not seem to care much about that. The Dodgers were on a late-season tear.

"You see," he said, sweeping his hand around the room, "no matter what anybody says, they don't need me here at all." Not much they don't.

A DATE WITH NEMESIS



Striped bass in the rip off Nantucket met theirs when two longtime angling companions sallied forth to the fray

by CLIVE GAMMON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BOOTH

The joke was 20 years old and weak enough, even when it was first hatched aboard Brennan's old Hillman wagon as we trundled south through Ireland, along County Wexford hedges creamy with meadowsweet and richly entangled with July honeysuckle. For a while he had been silent, polishing the words, no doubt. Then he came out with it. "Nemesis approaches at 40 miles per hour," he announced. Half a mile back we had nearly hit a nun who was dreamily cycling along on the wrong side of the road, missing her by a rosy width. I naturally thought Brennan had this in

mind. I should have known better. What Brennan had in mind was fish. Unknown to the schools of bass hanging in the slack water, waiting to feed over Splough Reef when the tide started to run, Nemesis Brennan was sneaking up on them.

Twenty years later here I was, ready and waiting to bang the ball back at him, outside U.S. Customs at JFK. "Nemesis approaches, hey?" I said to the disheveled figure with the rod tubes. "By way of Dublin, Shannon and New York. At 500 miles per hour and 33,000 feet..." If I hadn't said it first, Brennan would have; no score had been kept, but one of us had come out with some sort of variation on the greeting since that first trip in 1958. Each year since then we had met to go bass fishing. Not a single year had we missed. In the early days, Nemesis traveled slowly enough, at around 20 knots aboard the old *St. David*, the ferryboat that plied between Wales and Ireland. The trips to our home-and-home meetings on the surf beaches of the two countries had speeded up when a regular air service started and really began to move when the first short-haul jets came in. But this was the first time that Nemesis had crossed the Atlantic.

By necessity. You do not toss away a 20-year-old fishing partnership just because one of its members has migrated 3,600 miles west. The 1977 Annual Outing would not be held in County Wexford or County Kerry or on the coast of west Wales. Instead, it was going to be in Massachusetts, *terra incognita* for both of us, like a country on one of those old maps inscribed "Here be dragons" when the cartographer could think of nothing better.

Well, perhaps that was a slight exaggeration. For a very long time, out there on the Celtic fringe, Brennan and I had thought longingly of going after striped bass, those fish that looked so similar to our own sea bass except in two particulars. Ours were pure silver, with no lateral stripes. And they were very much smaller than stripers. In Kerry, a seven-pound bass was more than acceptable, a 10-pounder a more-than-viable reason for a late night at Tom Fitzgerald's bar. It was hard to believe in 40- and 50-pounders. The fever to catch one had grown strong enough to turn both of us into propagandists, trying to persuade

our respective Ministries of Fisheries that striped bass should be introduced to the eastern side of the Atlantic. No chance. Who could tell the effect stripers would have on our native Atlantic salmon—invaluing the estuaries, maybe, to feast on smolts migrating to the sea.

So, possibly, even if I had not crossed the Atlantic to live and speeded up the process, Brennan and I would have made the trip someday. As it was, as I stood there relieving Brennan of his duty-free Scotch and cramming him into a cab, it seemed to me that it might have been better had we made that east-west trip together. I had been in the U.S. for several months and so I felt responsible for the weather, for the time of year I had picked, for the guide. From what I had heard and read, the place seemed right: Nantucket was classic ground. I was remembering, though, how critical weather could be. The saddest words in the English language, Brennan once claimed, were in the sentence found all too frequently in the weather section of the *Irish Times* on the morning we started a trip: A NORTHEASTERLY AIRSTREAM COVERS IRELAND, a wind that would flatten the surf, making it fit only for water skiers. We would drive away from Shannon, and a little south of Limerick we would start to look for a particular tall factory chimney, for the plume of white vapor that would tell us whether or not the wind was the sou'westerly we wanted, not too gentle, not too strong. We were lucky about one time in five.

We flew to Boston and then out across Cape Cod. I didn't even know what weather you needed in Nantucket, or at least which way you needed the wind to blow, but we could see that there was a lot of it. Below, whitecaps flecked the sea, and when we saw the island, lines of surf were curling in, how high we couldn't tell. "Nemesis arriving by air," I told Brennan, "without a single clue." In Kerry we would know what to do. We could go to Tom Fitzgerald's and be told that the surf was great last Wednesday and there was this woman down from Dublin on holiday, never had a rod in her hand before, and you wouldn't believe it but that evening she walks into the bar with the biggest.... We wouldn't be happy, but we'd feel at home.

That was the shape we were in when Bob Francis found us, bewildered, dis-

continued



oriented and, in Brennan's case, jet-lagged. Francis was a small man, lean, with an elfish look enhanced by a woolly cap and red flannel shirt worn outside his trousers, his machine-gun speech and rapid movement. It was with no surprise that I later learned he had been the muster barber of Nantucket for 20 years. Snip! The rod holders were in the back of his wagon. Snap! So were the tackle boxes, the bags and ourselves. No time to take in the island, a pattern of small hills and scrub woodland in fall colors, little weathered houses and then, inconspicuously, a cobbled street. "Stones came from England," Francis rapped out. "Come back as ballast on the whalers." He pulled up at a tree-shaded house. On the sidewalk was a hitching post surmounted by the head of a horse in cast iron. "Not genuine," he snapped. "Put there for show. Come on in."

A long time ago Brennan and I decided that on the Annual Outing, hotels were not for us. Or at least hotels built since, say, 1930. At one time we used to patronize Brenner's Hotel in Dingle, County Kerry, where a 30-pound salmon from Castle Island glowered down on the tiny lobby, and the manageress, Miss Maloney, didn't believe you could register until she had brought you a full and gratis glass of Powers whiskey. But when Miss Maloney retired they put down a new carpet and tricked out the bar with a lot of plastic and chrome, so we migrated to Mrs. MacNamara's on the far side of the Connor Pass where we felt at home again, even after her son bought her the color TV.

So I had made no hotel reservation for the Nantucket trip, relying on Francis' telephone promise. "Best food on the island, in my place," he had claimed. That might be so. Meantime, I reasoned, if we stayed at his house we wouldn't have problems like securing a box lunch at 4 a.m.

That afternoon I was pleased to notice that at least the infrastructure of our trip was in good shape. For lunch there was homemade chowder at the Francis', and the significant fact soon emerged that the kitchen was going to be the social center. And later we found that even if Tom Fitzgerald's bar was 3,000 miles away, the Nantucket Anglers' Club, a short walk from Francis' house, was no mean substitute.

By then we needed solace. We stood out on the deck of the club and listened

to a northeaster rattle the rigging of the yachts in the marina and bowl through the little town. It didn't look good for the next morning. Francis hung moodily over the rail and wondered aloud if he could charter one of the big boats to use instead of his own 26-footer. We went back inside to stare at the 60-pound striped set up on the wall, until I sensed that Brennan was getting homesick for Miss Maloney's salmon.

Next morning we woke early, well before the 4:30 a.m. call that Bob had promised us, mainly because Brennan was still operating on Dublin time, five hours ahead of EST. We listened for wind but we couldn't hear it, maybe because the town was sheltered. We also lacked an indicator, like the skeleton of an old apple tree in Mrs. MacNamara's yard on which rocks would settle if the wind was not



too hard; you could pick them out black against the false dawn. But in Nantucket we had no such guide. We had to wait until Bob appeared and be content with his "We'll go and take a look."

The street still black, we lumbered out of the door bundled up like Michelin men and saw the stars fade as we drove out to the dock, white tails of rabbits bobbing out of the headlights, the profile of the low hills beginning to show and then the sea. Sheltered here, of course, but a sharp ripple over the gray showing that the outside would be rough going. It was the same low, gray seascape that you see in protected water from the Baltic to County Wexford and on west, the same skeins of geese arrowing through the growing light, the same ribs of old hulks showing through the muddy grass.

We were going to head out. The sea would be up, Francis shouted over the engine noise, but that meant good fishing if we could get to the right nps. The wind was easier than the previous day and the forecast said it would go on dropping. He was steering the McKenzie bass boat straight for a line of breakers that had to

be the sandbar that protected the harbor. As we closed on it, though, we saw a gap, fully big enough for Brennan's old station wagon. "Nemesis is about to get a wet rear," I told him.

Another correct prediction. Two wild minutes, though, and we were through, punching into a steep chop that was manageable enough. Ahead of us was the first of the tide rips, but we turned from it and ran close under the land until we were in the lee of a sandspit that cut across the weather, forming a small area of comparative calm. Francis stopped the engine. "Now cast," he said.

Striper experts Brennan and I were not. But a minimum of research had taught us that this was not the kind of locale where bass might be expected. We looked at one another, shrugged and did as he asked. "All wrong!" Francis yelled. Brennan bridled, as well he might. The poppers had gone out straight and true, a good 50 yards or thereabouts. For 30 years, ever since he caught his first mackerel off the end of the North Wall dock in Dublin, Brennan had reckoned he could cast. And Gaelic football players active in that same city less than 20 years since would have recognized the full red flush now rising up to his cheekbones. "How do you mean, wrong?" he said. It seemed like a full three-second pause before he pronounced the last word.

You don't practice the barber's art for long without learning a little tact. Francis saw his error. "Let me tell you," he said, somewhat dramatically. "Every time I turn my motor off at the end of a trip, I say 'Thank you, God!' No matter how smart you are, no matter how educated you are, you can make a mistake with a plug. In the excitement. Lose an eye. Both eyes. Had one up my nose once. Bunch of men from Maryland. So now I have this drill. First man goes into the stern, backs up, watching his plug till the time. Casts overhead. Moves up. Second man into the stern, backs up, casts. Soon as his plug gets within 18 yards of the boat, caster drops his rod tip to stop the plug's action. If a fish hits a plug that close to the boat, then comes loose, that thing is going to fly back like a bullet. I'm sorry," he said. "I spoke rough."

Brennan's flush had died away. After all, what Francis had said was reasonable. Except, possibly, for that 18-yard bit. Wouldn't it be natural to say 20 yards, or 15? Francis had either conducted a series of controlled experiments with some

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physicist from MIT, or there was something just a touch obsessive in his makeup. Not that that would be very unusual in a fishing guide.

But for the moment we seemed to have satisfied him. We swung away from the sheltered water and bounced out toward the nearest rip, a quartering sea lashing us with spray. As Francis worked the boat into range, Brennan and I lined up the casts like jets at O'Hare in the rush hour, moving up slowly until the tower gave us clearance. "Rod down!" I snarled at Brennan before Francis had a chance, thereby failing to spot soon enough the heavy brown swirl at my own popper. "See that?" I roared at Brennan.

"I was watching my own plug," he said virtuously. I cast again. So did he. No results. No results, either, for the next 10 minutes as we drifted parallel with the rip. I've blown it, I thought. All those miles of travel, all those months of making arrangements, and the one chance I would get to show Brennan a striper had gone. The way I was feeling, even the weather would deteriorate and keep us from trying the next rip, and my natural pessimism interpreted the fact that Francis kept heading out as a sign that he probably didn't know what to do next.

But he did. "Miles and miles of rips off this island," he shouted suddenly over the engine roar, "and only about one in 10 of them holds the bass. Don't know why. They all look the same, a lot of them have the right depth, between eight feet and 12 feet, but they never have a fish on 'em. Maybe it's the way the sand eels bunch. Maybe they can't hear the motor so good in some places."

We hung on in a sea that was still wild, heading toward yet another confused area of white water. "Don't cast yet," Francis called as we came in close. We patrolled it slowly, bunched in the shelter of the wheelhouse as the McKenzie rolled and bucked eccentrically. "Can you see them?" Francis shouted.

In a moment we saw them. The rip was not a regular pattern of breaking waves. Close up, it had almost as much variation in it as a salmon river: an area of boiling water that heaved and eddied, but where there was no break, perhaps because the tide had scoured a deeper hole there. It was like a salmon pool between shallow, stony runs. Only this was a striper pool and the fish were as thick in it as salmon in the Junction Pool at Kelso on the Scottish Tweed at the height



of the spring run. They were there like chunks of brown driftwood, more than we could count, breaking the surface sometimes, head-and-tailing like salmon.

Brennan was very moved. "Janey Mac!" he roared, lapsing into Dublinese. "Didja ever see the like of them fellas?" Francis got the anchor down and killed the motor. Fleeting I hoped it would hold in the sea that was running, but there was no time to worry long about that. Brennan's plug flew out, he took half a turn of the reel and he was into a fish. Seconds later so was I and so was Francis. We stumbled to keep balance as we fought the fish, ducking under arms, passing rods around bodies, in a kind of wild, intoxicated square dance. "Keep your rod tips low!" Francis took time to scream. His own was high in the air. Then, somehow, he gaffed his fish and swung it aboard. The maniacal scene in the cockpit was resolved somewhat, with just two stripers left to land. They fought hard and doggedly, but we were down-tide from them and we had all the advantage. It was still 10 minutes, though, before Brennan had his at the side of the boat.

Once it was aboard, he knelt beside it. "Meet Nemesis," I said as I still struggled with my own, but Brennan was rapt. "Striper, eh?" he was murmuring. "So that's a striper. . . ." Soon, I was looking at mine, also. So similar to our own bass, the same outline, the same look of brutal

"That evening we watched TV. The beating we'd taken at sea had put us in a lotus-eater's mood."

power and greed. But so much bigger. Twenty, 25 pounds, Francis guessed, average for him, one supposed, but to us magnificent. "Wait, now, till I get a picture," said Brennan.

Francis was shocked. "Pictures on the way home," he yelled. "Get out at those fish again!" Dutifully we obliged. Coming out, we had been heavily wrapped in sweaters, parkas and slickers. Now, as the fish kept coming and we fought them, we peeled off our outer skins one by one, ignoring the spray. For two hours, barely a cast went to waste. At no time were all three rods unemployed. The two fish boxes we had brought filled fast, soon stripers were being stacked in a hastily contrived corral of fuel tanks and buckets. The average size of the fish was 20 pounds; the best, caught by Brennan, weighed 37 pounds, we found later. Total catch, more than 400 pounds.

And then, as suddenly as it began, the action stopped. "Tide has eased," Francis said. "Fish moved off." We hauled anchor and turned for home.

That evening we celebrated by looking at the Muppets on TV. So far as we were concerned, we could have been in Paris on Bastille night instead of Nantucket and it would have made no difference. We weren't going out. The hard-fighting fish, the beating we'd taken at sea had put us into that cozy, unquestioning lotus-eater's mood in which you sit, with the ice slowly melting in your

continued

drink, and watch misleading TV, about your intellectual limit. There was also the warm feeling that the 1977 Annual Outing was already a success. Certainly we had caught more and bigger fish than on any previous one. If we had any doubts at all, they were overruled very effectively that evening. We retired early; another pre-dawn call lay ahead.

The wind had shifted; that was the first discovery we made next morning. It had gone around to the south, and the significance of that, as we found when we went to sea, was that instead of being able to anchor downwind of that fertile rip we would have to look for holding ground up-drift—otherwise, with the wind hard against us, we would have to move so close to put the fish within casting range that we would probably spook them. The stripers proved to be still there in strength. They hit plugs with as much avidity as they had done the previous day. The difference now was that we had to bring them in against the tide.

Landing every striper was a war of attrition as the fish hung in the strong current and the line sang dangerously. Well, fishing can be like that at times. But this was the Annual Outing. Brennan and I had not fished together for 20 years without learning that there are times when, if you feel like it, you pause for a while. So, after an hour, we paused.

It was not a popular move. "Let's get these fish in, hey?" said our guide. Brennan looked at me. He was making the same connection as I was. Neither of us knew much about the mores of bass fishing on this side of the Atlantic, and the previous day we had been too intoxicated with instant success to worry much about the ritual thumping over the head of each striper as it was landed. For years we had released almost every one of our own bass, taking home a couple apiece, maybe, at the end of the trip. Possibly it would be different in Massachusetts, but I suspected that not every striper angler would approve of what we were doing.

"John Ferguson," I said to Brennan. He knew who I meant. John Ferguson, the best bass guide on Splatgh Reef, County Wexford, Ireland, wind-red-den face, collarless flannel shirt, in one of those cloth caps they call "ratters" shouting, "Haul 'em!" as small war parties of bass detached themselves from the main school and hit the long, twinkling spoons we used there. Ferguson, hitting the six-pound-test line we used, closing

his eyes in frustration as the reel drags buzzed and added a minute or two to the time elapsed before the bass would be safely flapping in the fish box that would be shipped to market in Dublin that evening. It looked very much as if Brennan and I were still in the business of filling fish boxes for other people.

As I have suggested, though, Bob Francis could pick up a hint. One reason why we had had to opt for the down-tide position was that balsa swimming plugs had proved more effective than poppers and you could cast them nowhere near as far as the latter against the wind. Poppers were more fun, though. You might not get as many strikes, but you got some, and they were visual strikes. Ferguson never gave his clients priority over the fish box, but now Francis proved that he was capable of rising above the price of bass. "We'll haul and go round," he said. "Try poppers."

"You know something?" he went on. "I'm about the only guide left here who would take you casting. Everybody else, it's all wire-line trolling. Can't stand to do that." On the Annual Outing, Brennan and I don't care for too much tension. An olive branch offered is an olive branch received. We have also been at it long enough to know when to give a really good opening to a guide.

"Uh, how does the fishing here compare with, what's the other island? Martha's Vineyard? Cuttyhunk?" I asked him.

Francis savored the moment before replying. "Cuttyhunk?" he said. "Well, now, most of them Cuttyhunk bass are down deep. I went over there with three

fellers from Nantucket one time, fished two nights. Fished them Sows and Pigs, whatever they call 'em. We did fairly well, but the bass were down deep. Like in North Truro. 'Course, they catch a lot of bass in them places. . . ." He paused to give emphasis to the payoff. "Only, there, a lot of bass means about five."

We made a long detour around the rip, came up on the other side and started to throw poppers into the wind. The scoring rate dropped but the bass still came steadily. Then I hit one far out, so that I didn't see the fish strike. It behaved like the others for a moment or two, giving that solid old brick wall imitation, then moved irresistibly to the left, taking line.

"You may have Bosco," Francis said. The 15-pound outfit made no impression. The bass moved back, almost to the place where it had been hooked, then swung right. "Who's Bosco?" I asked. I should have known better. Wherever there are fishermen there are Boscos, though they have different names. I once knew of a 50-pound northern pike called the Green Devil that was 31 pounds when it was caught. What I should have asked was, "How big is Bosco?" But I got the answer anyway.

"Big bass. Eighty pounds. Could be more. Passes this way every year, busts two or three people up. So take it easy on him."

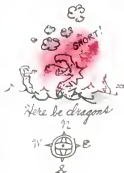
Bosco, if it was Bosco, would not let me take it easy. It was 20 minutes before I had him coming toward the boat. "Bosco meets Nemesis," Brennan said, predictably I thought.

It was not to be. "Not Bosco," yelled Francis, peering into the water from the bow. "Bout a 30-pounder, foul-hooked in the shoulder. . . ." No wonder it had been able to take command. Every time I had tried to shift him he was broadside to me.

But Bosco made our trip. Brennan and I fished two more days. We caught three-quarters of a ton of bass, a total somewhat shameful to our essentially puritanical natures. But the fishing was no longer mechanical. Every cast was aimed at Bosco.

We failed to catch him. No harm in that. Bosco lives! Nemesis Brennan and I will continue, God willing, to search him out in future years: sometimes he will be a striper, sometimes, maybe, a channel bass, sometimes a silver bass from an Irish beach. On the whole, I hope we never catch him.

END



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HERE'S HOW TO TELL WHICH ONE.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And you have good reason to wonder, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

Of course, what you pay for your camera is important. But it shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are very expensive cameras

and shoot simplicity. The difference is in the kind of creative control you get.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an aperture-priority camera. It lets you set the lens opening, while it sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many professional photographers believe that depth-of-field is the single most important

the lens opening automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.



Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T camera.

that won't give you some of the features you really need. So before you think about price, ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both make use of advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus

factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject for creative effect. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a shutter-priority camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Without a doubt, automation makes fine photography easier. But if you're willing to do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures that are every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What should you expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder? The finder should, of course, give you a clear, bright view of



Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electrolash 200X.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. All Minolta SLR's have bright viewfinders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And with a Minolta there's never a question about focusing. You'll find focusing aids in every Minolta 35mm SLR viewfinder that make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed viewfinder. Minolta believes that you should never have to look away from the finder in order to make camera adjustments. So everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or overexposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, there are two pointers which come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?
If you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing, an auto winder may be for you. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two pictures per second. And they give you advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?
An automatic electronic flash can be combined with any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for correct flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder tells when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36

flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands and responds to your commands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.



The match-once viewfinder just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.



The electronic viewfinder light emitting diodes tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Controls are oversized and positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And the electronically controlled shutters in these advanced automatic cameras are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important?

If you're going to use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can select from a number of special features. For instance, some models let you take multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). Other available extras include a window to show that film is advancing properly, a handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using, and a self-timer that delays the release of the shutter

so you can get into your own pictures.

What about the lens system?

Just about every 35mm SLR has a lens "system." But it's important to know what the system contains. It should be big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

There are almost 40 interchangeable lenses available for Minolta SLR's, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the smallest 500mm lens in the world. And since interchangeable lenses should be easy to change, the

patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you remove or attach them with less than a quarter turn.

What's next?

After you've thought about how you'll be using your camera, ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Handle the camera for yourself. Examine its features and the way Minolta has paid close attention to even the smallest details. And by all means, compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446

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OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABE: SILENCE

He is not a movie star. He is fat and graceless. He looks as if he stumbled across the set by accident and stayed to watch. In real life, he owns a small fishing-tackle shop at Lake Sunapee in New Hampshire, doing a brisk business in worms. But before this winter is over Babe Sargent could well be known as the new Jackie Gleason. Babe Sargent is a gem. As Louella Parsons used to say, you read it here first.

Sargent is the unlikely hero of *Henry Phipps Goes Sking*, a surprise entry in the fifth annual International Ski Film Festival. The event was held in New York City last week to preview and judge 34 new movies that will be playing the resort, club and ski-show circuit this season. And because ski movies tend to be predictable, right down to the syrupy background music that plays while folks are busting up fields of powder snow, the surprise element was particularly important. *Henry Phipps* is, at last, a genre film that admits the sport can be pretty goofy.

The festival divides its entries into five categories, and before Babe Sargent floundered onto the screen, there were the familiar ski films we have all come to treasure, perhaps because we know them all by heart. In the resort and travel section, first prize went to *Mel-Sking*, a technically flawless film by Dick Barrymore, master of the slow-motion camera. Hanson ski boots sailing through the sky like spaceships took honors in the equipment class, but ski boots just don't have the stuff to become movie stars. Winner of the ski instruction and technique division was *Cross Country Ski Racing*, a matter-of-fact treatise on training produced by Oak Creek Films and featuring U.S. racers Bill Koch, Tim Caldwell, Allison Spencer and former Couch Marty Hall. For all those who missed the alpine world championship last winter, there

was Garmisch '78, winner of the racing and competition category.

All of which brought the judges to special films, the bygones of ski movies, full-dress features that ran as long as 50 minutes. There were some dandies. Harvey Edwards' *Skung Across the French Alps* offered a high-touring adventure from Nice to Geneva. Willy Bogner's fast-paced *Skiivision '79* showed, among other things, how he shot the chase sequence in the recent James Bond thriller *The Spy Who Loved Me*. And then, bumbling along, came *Henry Phipps*.

Bruce Cronin, the producer, director, writer, chief grip and what-all, had made a 20-minute drama in 1974 but never a ski film. As his wife Roni tells it, Cronin was waxing his skis in his basement one day when he almost set the house on fire with his blowtorch. "Maybe you ought to make a funny movie about sking," she said. Cronin called Babe Sargent, who had never been on skis and, as they say, a star was born.

Cronin's script could have been written on the inside of a matchbook cover. Hero Henry Phipps rubber-stamps boxes at a shoe factory, the dreariest job in the world. He wins an all-expenses-paid weekend at Snowflake Ski Lodge. And the rest of the story is as familiar as Laurel meets Hardy. There is the stock ski instructor, Germanic, handsome and arrogant. There are the obligatory snow bunnies. Announcements boom through the lodge intercom, German-accented, naturally. There are pratfalls, of course. And off to one side, looking drool, is a Great Pyrenees dog named Ellsworth. Keep your eye on Ellsworth.

The tricky thing about *Henry Phipps* is that director Cronin uses a basic story line to subtly destroy every cliché about sking. What is even trickier is that Babe Sargent plays the entire movie without uttering a word of dialogue. It is Jacques Tati in *Mr. Hulot's Holiday*, Joy, despair, lust—Sargent does it all with a face that will be his fortune. If Hollywood has any sense at all. And at one high point in the comedy, Sargent does the impossible: he plays a scene against Ellsworth, who does a doggie double take that would steal anybody's show, and Sargent still was. Try that, Gleason!

The festival was sponsored by Samsonite, and the luggage people are clearly on to a good thing. Top prize is called the Silver Ski Award, sort of like the Golden Palm at Cannes. When all the votes were counted, *Cross Country Ski Racing* won it, confirmation that the judges weren't ready for surprises—and certainly not a surprise that pokes fun at sking.

Somebody should tell Babe Sargent that sking is serious business. **END**



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The Camaro Z28 also sparks of excitement outwardly. As pictured above, Z28 is equipped with simulated hood scoop, lowered side panels, rear spoiler, dual sport mirrors, available 15" x 7" aluminum wheels, black-finished grille and moldings around the

windshield and rear window, and Z28 identification and accent striping. Concisely stated, Z28 is a showstopper.

Inside, Z28 is no slouch. Full foam bucket seats support you. And a newly designed instrument panel provides straightline gage placement for easy reading. Included in the panel are tachometer, voltmeter, temperature gage and an electric clock.

In fact, there's no slouch at all about the Z28. From the music it plays with its unmistakable throaty idle, to its wide stance in the bend of a road, the Z28 creates its own excitement.

So, the next time you're in the mood to get away from them all with a flair, take hold of the ultimate Camaro "hugger." Take hold of the Camaro Z28.

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4-cyl. 1800 cc (180)	22	16	28	11.5	15.5	115	NA	NA	NA
4-cyl. 1800 cc (180)	22	16	28	11.5	15.5	115	NA	NA	EC
4-cyl. 1800 cc (180)	22	16	28	11.5	15.5	115	NA	NA	EC
4-cyl. 1800 cc (180)	22	16	28	11.5	15.5	115	NA	NA	EC

ALL STATES EXCEPT CALIFORNIA (with High Altitude (Mexican Equipment) - RPO N40)

Model	MPG	City	Highway	0-60	1/4 Mile	Top Speed	Engine	Transmission	Tires
4-cyl. 1800 cc (180)	21	15	26	11.5	15.5	115	NA	NA	EC

CALIFORNIA ONLY (with California Emission Requirements - RPO V10)

Model	MPG	City	Highway	0-60	1/4 Mile	Top Speed	Engine	Transmission	Tires
4-cyl. 1800 cc (180)	22	16	28	11.5	15.5	115	NA	NA	NA
4-cyl. 1800 cc (180)	22	16	28	11.5	15.5	115	NA	NA	EC
4-cyl. 1800 cc (180)	22	16	28	11.5	15.5	115	NA	NA	EC
4-cyl. 1800 cc (180)	22	16	28	11.5	15.5	115	NA	NA	EC

NA = Not Available; EC = Emission Control; 0-60 = 0 to 60 mph; 1/4 Mile = 1/4 mile; Top Speed = Top speed; RPO = Recommended Power Option

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Reluctant, but not draggin'

George Bamberger did not want to manage, but he has brewed a winner

George Bamberger has heard the talk and, frankly, he does not much care for the idea. Just because the Milwaukee Brewers have ended nine years of ineptitude to become a winner on the field and a draw at the box office, a lot of busybodies are saying Bamberger should be the American League Manager of the Year. If he had known this was going to happen, he might very well have stayed in Baltimore as the pitching coach. Talk about rotten luck.

"I respect the award," Bamberger says, "but I wouldn't want it. I'm going to be busy enough in the off-season without having to go to a bunch of banquets. I like compliments as much as anybody, but I don't need to hear them in front of 1,000 people. There are a lot of egomaniacs in this business but I'm not one of them. No, I'd rather stay home with my family."

Bamberger has nobody to blame for this predicament but himself—and players like Larry Hise and Mike Caldwell. Since coming to the Brewers from Minnesota in this year's reentry draft, Hise has had the most productive offensive season in the American League this side of Jim Rice. 33 home runs, 114 RBIs, 92 runs and a .287 average. Since an injury to Moose Haas in April opened up a spot for him in the starting rotation, Caldwell has had the best pitching season this side of Ron Guidry: a 20-9 record and a 2.27 ERA.

As a result, the Brewers have become the most successful team in Milwaukee since Laverne & Shirley. Entering the last week of the season, they were third in the Eastern Division with an 89-67 record, only 4½ games behind the Yankees, and had attracted 1.6 million fans to County Stadium. The last Milwaukee team to win as many games and draw as many people was the Braves of 1958-59. Pass the Schlitz.

The people who know the Brewers best and have suffered with them longest can scarcely believe the team's good fortune. Take owner Bud Selig, who had brought the year-old franchise from Seattle in 1970 and held on to it like a bad debt. "After trying everything and seeing it all go sour, this year has fulfilled my wildest ex-

pectations," he says. "It's like I'm in a different business." Sportswriter Mike Gearing of the *Milwaukee Journal* says, "It's tough coming up with nice things to say, after ripping them for years." Finally, there is the piece of wisdom that veteran Don Money gave the other day to Paul Molitor, the Brewers' fine rookie second baseman. In nine previous complete seasons, four with Philadelphia and five with Milwaukee, Money had never been a winner. "Kid," he told Molitor, "you don't know how lucky you are."

The people least surprised by all of this are Bamberger and the man who hired him, General Manager Harry Dalton. The two have been leaning on each other with mutual success for years. When Bamberger's playing career ended in 1963, Dalton, then the Oriole farm

director, hired him to be Baltimore's first minor league pitching instructor. Bamberger was well suited to the job, having won 213 games in 18 minor league seasons and having worn a major league uniform only long enough to make 10 appearances (no decisions). In fact, minor league life so pleased Bamberger that in 1959 he asked the Orioles to send him down just when it appeared he had finally made the club. "I figured I'd pitch more and last longer in Vancouver," he explains.

After Bamberger spent four years as the minor league instructor, Dalton promoted him to Baltimore, where as pitching coach he produced 18 20-game winners in 10 years and helped the Orioles win five divisional titles. Quite simply, he was the best in the business. When Dalton, who had left Baltimore in 1971 to become executive vice-president of the Angels, moved to Milwaukee last winter, he called on Bamberger a third time.

Surprisingly, Dalton's offer to manage was the first that Bamberger had ever received. "People have always assumed that George was too happy in Baltimore to leave," Dalton says. "After all, he was the highest-paid coach in baseball. But I wanted to try because I know how well he can handle people. He is direct and honest, not devious or egotistical. He has the perfect personality to exercise leadership, and I thought that was what the team needed more than anything else."

To get his man, Dalton had to come up with about \$180,000 over two years, a whopping deal for someone who lacked a day's managerial experience at any level. Because Bamberger was not applying for the job or even hoping to get it, he knew he could play hard to get. "I was happy in Baltimore," Bamberger says. "Earl Weaver and I were the best one-two combination in the American League. I had already told the Orioles that 1979 would be my last year. If anyone other than Harry had called, I wouldn't have listened. But I didn't want to be hired cheap and not be respected. I wanted to be hired for my ability."

A major reason for Bamberger's success in Milwaukee has been know-

continued



ing what was wrong with the Brewers and not being afraid to offer his opinion. Before he even agreed to take the job, Bamberger told Selig, "You guys are a bunch of losers." In spring training he told his players, "You have no respect in the American League."

It did not take the Brewers long to change their image. As fate would have it, they opened the season against Bamberger's old team and won 11-3, 16-3 and 13-5. That established the offensive pattern for the year, and Milwaukee went on to set team records for average, runs and home runs. Hsieh has been the hottest hitter, but he has had ample help from Gorman Thomas, who has 31 homers and 83 RBIs, and Cecil Cooper, who is batting .317. All told, nine of the top 10 Brewers are exceeding their career averages.

The pitching success has been limited mostly to Caldwell and to 22-year-old Larry Sorensen, who is 17-11 and 3.28 in his first complete season. For Caldwell, this has been his second winning season in eight tries with the Giants, Reds, Padres and Brewers, and his first since he underwent elbow surgery in 1974. Last week, after shutting out New York for the third time this year, he said, "I hope all the people who gave up on me will at least give me credit for having the guts to come back." The Yankees, however, only gave him credit for throwing what they called a very effective spitball.

As for Bamberger, he does not want much credit of any kind. "What does a manager really do?" he asks. "Nobody even knows what makes a good one. The only thing I'll say about me is that I can get along with people and have a lot of patience."

Bamberger is getting along far better than anyone could have expected, and for that he will just have to suffer the consequences.

THE WEEK

(Sept. 17-22)

by JIM KAPLAN

NL EAST

No team was more excited than the Pirates (3-2). On Tuesday they blew a 10-2 lead over the Cubs only to win 12-11 in 11 innings on Dave Parker's second homer of the game. Parker and Bill Robinson had four hits apiece

Two days later, again facing the Cubs, again in extra innings, the Pirates won 3-2 as pinch runner Matt Alexander stole second, went to third when Catcher Dave Rider's throw sailed into center and scored when Centerfielder Bobby Murcer's peg clipped him on the shoulder and rolled to the Cub dugout.

In another game Manager Chuck Tanner had left-hander Jim Rooker walk lefty Bill Buckner to bring up right-handed Dave Kingman with the bases loaded and the wind in Wrigley Field blowing out. The gamble paid off when Kingman hit into a fielder's choice. In another unconventional maneuver by Tanner, rookie Donnan (the Doc) Boyland, in his first major league at bat, was removed with two strikes on him and then charged with a strike-out when pinch hitter Rennie Stennett took a called strike three. In another at bat Boyland singled, but when Frank Taveras hit him to third, Boyland neglected to touch second and was out. The wild Pirate week ended on a sour note when Expo baserunner Larry Parrish collided with Pittsburgh Catcher Duffy Dyer, cartwheeling over him and touching the plate with his hand. "He hasn't touched home yet," growled Tanner.

Playing more quietly but more effectively, Philadelphia (3-2) took a doubleheader from the Mets 1-0 and 6-3 while the Pirates were losing to Montreal. The 13½-game shift left the Phillies three games ahead going into the last week of the season. The heroes of the sweep were Shortstop Larry Bowa, who had seven hits, and Pitcher Larry Christensen, who shut out New York on three hits. Mike Schmidt was almost the goat of the first game. After stealing second and getting the safe sign from Umpire Seth Davidson, Schmidt walked off the field and was tagged by Pitcher Mike Bruhart as he neared the dugout. Thus Bob Boone's subsequent single, which might have scored Schmidt, was wasted. "I thought I was out," Schmidt said.

In Montreal (2-2) Outfielder Ellis Valentine was playing the goat role to the hilt. He held up short of first base as a fly he had hit—and mistakenly thought would be caught—reached the wall. He barely made it to second. Before the next pitch he was picked off Booder for both plays. Valentine looked at the stands and stretched out his hands at shoulder level. "I wanted them to boo me some more," he said. "I deserved what I got and more." Valentine was suspended for two days and fined—reportedly for the 11th time this season. He apologized, then said of his behavior, "I don't regret it."

Another also-ran gunning for the favorites was Chicago. The Cubs were just 3-3 but got in one gratifying blow—Mike Krukow's 5-1, four-hit win over Pittsburgh. "We're going to knock Pittsburgh's tail right out of the race," crowed Cub Manager Hermin Franks. The Cubs also tied some obscure records. In the 3-2 loss to Pittsburgh, they equaled a National League mark by using 27

men. And Ivan DeJesus stole his 37th base, most by a Cub since Kiko Cuyler swiped that many in 1930.

New York (2-4) and St. Louis (1-3) were busting to stay out of the cellar. First Ted Simmons and Ken Reitz drove in two runs apiece to give the Cardinals a 5-3 win over the Mets. Then Lee Mazzilli and Willie Montanez matched them with New York won 7-6. St. Louis took the rubber game 6-2 as John Urra, back from the minors, outduelled Craig Swan. At week's end, the Cardinals put five games between themselves and the Mets by clipping Chicago 5-1 while New York dropped two to the Phillies. Touch, one of the league's slowest runners, touched off a five-run rally by beating out an infield hit.

PHIL 85-68 PIT 82-71 CH 76-78
MON 72-82 STL 67-85 NY 63-92

NL WEST

The Dodgers (2-4) had a poor week, but it hardly mattered after Lee Lacy's pinch homer helped L.A. beat San Diego 5-3 and lower its magic number to one. That left Cincinnati (4-2) and San Francisco (3-3) resigned to bailing for second, which would mean \$500 more per man than finishing third. The Giants continued to play clutch ball, by beating the Astros 3-2, they won their 40th one-run game of the season, only one short of the 1969 Mets' major league record. The Giants also got some more clutch pitching from the most reliable member of their staff. No, not Vida Blue, but Bob Knepper (16-11), who beat the Astros 2-0. Knepper leads San Francisco as earned run average (2.73) and complete games (15), and his five shutouts top the league.

The Reds seemed as preoccupied with individual records as with their place in the standings. Tom Seaver raised his strikeouts total to 200 for a major league-record 10th time. Johnny Bench caught his 100th game for the 11th straight season to set a National League record. And Pete Rose, whose 3,153rd career hit sent him past Paul Waner and into eighth place on the all-time list, needed 13 hits in his last seven games to break the 200 hit barrier for the 10th time. None of which satisfied Manager Sparky Anderson. Finally conceding the drowsy race, he said, "Now that the Dodgers have won it two years in a row, we have to go back and look at ourselves. The Dodgers have shown they are the class team."

Atlanta had records in mind, too. As the Braves (4-2) moved to within a half game of fifth place, 39-year-old Phil Niekro got his 19th victory by beating the Dodgers 3-2. "I couldn't believe it," said Manager Bobby Cox. "After getting two hits, running the bases, covering first on a couple of plays and throwing a lot of pitches. Phil was tired for the first time this year." Niekro (19-16) should be feeling fatigued after all the work he has done

continued

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this season. He is leading the league in innings pitched (317), complete games (20) and starts (40), is second in strikeouts (232) and is among the top 10 in ERA (2.90). No wonder he's eyeing his first Cy Young Award. "I'd be lying if I said I wasn't checking the other pitchers' statistics," Nickm said. A stat worth checking out belonged to teammate Larry McWilliams, who ran his record to 9-2 by beating Cincy 8-1, thereby backing up Cox' contention that McWilliams, a rookie, has been the league's best pitcher since the All-Star break.

Houston (1-5) slipped toward last place, but rehired Manager Bill Virdon. J. R. Rich and fanned 11 Braves to raise his total to 290, most by a National League right-hander in this century. San Diego (4-2) reached a new plateau with a flourish. Pounding out a team-record 20 hits, including four by Dave Winfield the Padres turned the Dodgers 12-3 and assured themselves of the first winning season in their 10-year history. Gaylord Perry, another Cy Young contender, sweetened the celebration by defeating the Giants 5-1 to become the league's first 20-game winner.

LAS 63-62 CIN 85-65 SF 85-70
SD 81-75 HOU 89-85 ATL 89-86

AL EAST The Red Sox were sounding as defeatist as their fans, who had given up on them. "We can only afford to lose one more game," said Carl Yastrzemski as the week began. The Sox lost two but won five and narrowed the Yankee lead from 3½ games to one. Among the heroes was Yastr, who had five RBIs during an 8-6 victory over Detroit and then proclaimed that he would play three more years—instead of one, as he had earlier announced. Another hero was Dennis Eckersley, who beat the Tigers 5-1 for his 18th victory. It was the ninth time Eckersley had won following a Red Sox loss. Then there was the old marmoset, Lou Triant, who threw 142 pitches and stranded 12 Blue Jays in a 3-1 win. What the Sox did worst was scoreboard-watching. Aware that the Yankees had lost the first game of a doubleheader to Toronto and were trailing in the second, Boston folded up and dropped a 12-2 embarrassment to the Tigers. At least one of the Sox wasn't even sure who he had been hitting against. "You've got to give credit to Rozema, or whatever his name is," said Jerry Remy.

New York's problem was pitching. While losing five of eight, the Yankee staff gave up 41 runs. The hitters, who accounted for just 26, weren't much better. Nor were their coaches. Lou Pinella claimed that rain had cost the team valuable batting practice. And several Yankees accused Milwaukee (4-3) 20-game winner Mike Caldwell, who defeated them 2-0, of using spitballs. "He threw about five spitballs tonight—all out-pitches," said

Gary Thomason. But Reggie Jackson added, "If he throws a spitball, so what? If not for Ron Gaudy, Caldwell's the Cy Young Award winner. I'm swinging pretty good now and he made me look funny." Other Yankees looked pretty funny a couple of nights later in Cleveland. Aware that the Red Sox had blown a game in the ninth to Toronto, New York collapsed in the 10th as Thurman Munson committed a passed ball that allowed Duane Kuiper of the Indians (3-1) to advance to second, and then Kuiper went to third as Goose Gosage served up a wild pitch. Kuiper scored the winning run on a single off the glove of Shortstop Fred Stanley.

More trouble was brewing in Baltimore (3-3) where teammates turned on Pitcher Jim Palmer with a vengeance. Having already altered their ire by leaving several close games with alleged arm trouble, Palmer walked off the field in disgust one pitch after Outfielder Pat Kelly failed to make a difficult play on a ball that went for a double. The Orioles had been leading 1-0 at the time. Palmer's relief, Don Stanhouse, then allowed the Indians to score twice, sending the Orioles to a 2-1 defeat and depriving Palmer of his 20th win.

Said Player Rep Mark Belanger, "Palmer didn't want to pitch. . . I don't want any pitcher on this club to get on a fielder." Palmer later apologized to Kelly and then further subdued his critics by whipping Detroit 6-1, the eighth time he has won 20 or more games. Nonetheless, Palmer's behavior prompted team officials to confirm that he is on the trading block.

Manager Ralph Houk of Detroit (3-5) announced his retirement. Houk managed the Yankees twice for a total of 11 years and the Tigers once for five. He finished in the second division 12 times, but, oddly, was never fired. His replacement will be Les Moss, who managed 19 of the present Tigers in the minors. And in Toronto (1-5) Manager Roy Hartsfield was rehired. Why? Because the Blue Jays are seven wins ahead of their 1977 pace and may not lose 100 games.

NY 83-62 BOS 62-43 ML 89-87 BAL 86-68
DET 43-73 CLE 68-84 TOR 59-95

AL WEST Kansas City (6-2) all but wrapped up its third consecutive division title—although Manager Whitney Herzog was reluctant to declare the race over. Referring to the Royals' first title, in 1976, he said, "We lost nine of our last 10. I can't relax until we finally wrap it up." By week's end he was breathing easier as his main men on the mound, 19-game-winners Dennis Leonard and Paul Splittorff, each won twice. Leonard, 15-8 since June 7, defeated Cleveland 5-0 and Milwaukee 8-4. Splittorff needed relief but got victories over Seattle 9-8 and Minnesota 3-1. To further bolster Herzog's confidence, long-ineffective Doug Bird threw six strong innings against Seattle

"You try a little harder this time of the year," Bird said. By then Herzog was relaxed. Referring to a 4-2 win over Minnesota in which KC amassed all of four hits, he said, "I guess you could call it our 'sacrifice' attack."

Its chances for a divisional title slipping away, California (2-3) was shocked by the death of Outfielder Lyman Bostock, who was shot while sitting in a car in Gary, Ind.

Oakland (1-5) Pitcher Alan Wirth was leading the White Sox 3-2 when he looked in to Catcher Bruce Robinson for the sign. Robinson was signaling curveball; Wirth thought he saw the call for a fastball. It was a costly mistake. Ron Blomberg socked Wirth's heater for a grand slam to beat the A's. Meanwhile, owner Charlie Finley was again dicker-ing with another would-be purchaser, Oakland furniture dealer Ed Berovich. As usual, there was a Finleyesque fly in the ointment. Charlie O. hated he would sell only if he could purchase the Chicago White Sox. The chances that fellow American League owners would approve a sale to Finley are as great as the possibility that the A's, who slipped to sixth, would finish in the first division.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GEORGE BRET: Despite continued pain from a thumb fractured on July 26, the Royal third baseman batted .481, with two homers—one a game winner—three doubles, four stolen bases, eight runs and seven RBIs.

Minnesota (4-4) hoped to close out one of its worst seasons with a successful Fan Appreciation Day. The fans were something less than appreciative—only 13,288 showed up. The Twins dutifully gave away both a car and the game, losing 3-1 to Kansas City. Butch Wynegar had his 38th straight at bat without a hit, and Willie Norwood made a two-out, two-run error.

Seattle (1-5) got its only win when Byron McLaughlin threw a 3-1 three-hitter at the White Sox. It was enough to give the Mariners an 8-7 edge in the season series. Chicago's (3-3) only significant win was a 5-4 victory over California.

Too little and too late, Texas (5-1) ran off four wins in a row. Jon Matlack beat Minnesota 6-3 for his second victory in 12 decisions on the road, which shows how much his 2.35 ERA has been wasted, and Ferguson Jenkins beat Seattle 1-0 on three hits. But no Ranger week would be complete without some turbulence. When news leaked that Cleveland might send infielder Lucell Blanks and Pitcher Jim Kern to Texas for Outfielder Bobby Bonds and Pitchers Doyle Alexander, Reggie Cleveland and Dock Ellis, three of the Ranger players involved objected.

KC 88-67 CAL 82-73 TEX 79-74 MINN 70-85
CH 68-88 OAK 68-88 SEA 55-96

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Passport Scotch

A day without legendry

It was going to be remembered as Notre Dame legend No. 3,684. Some guy—exactly who remained to be determined—would win one for the Gipper, and the Fighting Irish would cream Michigan as they got back to the business of defending their national title. The occasion was perfect. There was Notre Dame, fighting mad after a fluky opening-game loss to Missouri at South Bend and hot to stomp on anybody. And who better than Michigan, a highly regarded team that had boldly broken off a rivalry with the Irish in 1943 and had balked at reviving it? Perfect, too, because though Irish Coach Dan Devine might occasionally drop a game to a heavy underdog like Missouri, his record in big games is like John Wayne's in shoot-outs. Then, too, poor Michigan would be playing in that cauldron of adoration called Notre Dame Stadium, where the Irish hadn't lost back-to-back openers in 32 years. Will this season's legend please step forward?

Oops? Seems someone forgot to recruit a Big Game legend this year. Before the usual capacity throng of 59,075 last Saturday, Notre Dame sent in its troops and Michigan left them for dead. The final score was 28-14, but more telling was the second-half score, 21-0. For those 30 minutes Michigan outgained, outkicked, outblocked and outcoached Notre Dame out of any national championship hopes. It was a classic field-position victory—Notre Dame hemmed inside its 25-yard line on each of its six possessions and inside its 11 on two of them. It was Tackle Chris Godfrey and Linebackers Ron Simpkins and Tom Seaborn regularly squashing the Irish ground attack. It was a busy pass coverage scheme that baffled Irish Quarterback Joe Montana. As Montana said afterward, "I had plenty of time back there, but seldom anyone to pass to." It was also five Notre Dame turnovers.

"We felt that if momentum swung our way we could handle them physically," said Wolverine Coach Bo Schembechler, beaming. "We just played excellent ball the whole second half."

One reason was that up in the press box Michigan Assistant Coaches Jerry

South Bend was primed for a golden moment, but Michigan was not in awe of tradition: now Notre Dame is 0-2

Hanlon and Tirrel Burton had spotted an Irish Achilles' heel. In the first half they noticed that when Michigan ran play-action passes, the Irish free safety would dart up toward the line of scrimmage in support of the rush defenders. That left the deep middle of Notre Dame's zone vulnerable to what Michigan calls its Pro Left Wide pass play. Quarterback Rick Leach called it on the first play of the fourth quarter and hit Tight End Doug Marsh for an 18-yard scoring pass. Five-and-a-half minutes later Leach called it again, this time connecting with Ralph Clayton, from 40 yards out for another TD.

"I read the safety," Clayton said. "If he comes up, I cut to the middle. Rick reads him, too. If the safety comes up, he throws to the middle. The safety's got to support against the run. It's a tough play to defend against."

"It all clicked in the second half," said Leach, who had completed just three of 14 passes in the first two quarters but broke Notre Dame's back after the intermission with five completions in six attempts, three of them for touchdowns.

"It came down to basics," said Devine. "The idea is, you don't let people get behind you. But we had a couple mental lapses."

Earlier in the week both coaches oozed mutual respect and a mutual attitude of "let's not say something that ends up on the bulletin board." Yet Schembechler did ruffle a few feathers by saying that a win over the Irish wasn't as important as a win over Michigan State, Ohio State or anybody else in the Big Ten.

That's what Schembechler said, but what he did was to designate Notre Dame as a "red-letter game," a status normally reserved for the Spartans and Buckeyes. And he whisked his players in and out of town with a secrecy usually saved for a conference shoot-out. To get from Ann Arbor to Elkhart, maybe 150 miles, the Wolverines were bussed to Detroit, flown to South Bend and then bussed to their



A press-box tip put Michigan's Leach on target

hotel. "I know we can get there quicker by charter bus from the campus," Schembechler said. So why fly? "Because Michigan always goes first-class," he snapped.

By contrast, Devine seemed genuinely relaxed. Asked at a practice if he had any surprises for Michigan, he thought for a moment and said, "Yes, I think we'll warm up in green jerseys and then change into blues." But one thing did sort of rattle Devine. "I have never played for a team or coached one and said that we're getting ready for two opponents at once," he said, "like Bo did when he said he was getting ready for Illinois and Notre Dame a few weeks ago."

Did Bo really say that? "Sure did," Devine said. "It's in the Ann Arbor News. Want me to get you a copy off the bulletin board?"

If both coaches were trying to stay cool

continued

about the renewal of the rivalry after 35 years, they were alone. Notre Dame Stadium had been sold out for the game since April, when the tickets went on sale. During the hiatus Notre Dame had pressed hardest for a revival, in part because the Wolverines are the only team Notre Dame has met five times or more that has an edge over the Irish (9-2). But Michigan was content with its Big Ten schedule and an occasional Army or Navy. Wild rumors spread, among them that former Michigan Head Coach and Athletic Director Fritz Crisler was anti-Catholic, and that Michigan was worried about splitting its student body and fans along religious lines. "False," says Notre Dame Athletic Director Moose Krause. "Oh, I'd call Fritz or bump into him and ask him to play, and he'd always say, 'One of these days.' But I think he didn't want to play us because we were a power in his own backyard. If Michigan lost to Army, well, they were back East. We were too close."

Shortly after Don Canham was named Michigan athletic director in 1968, he met Krause in Detroit. Canham is a mixture of P. T. Barnum and E. F. Hutton. Krause had overheard him telling somebody that he had plans to fill Michigan Stadium for every home game.

"I know how you can fill it," Krause told him.

"Play Notre Dame," Canham replied. The two men shook hands, and a few weeks later a contract was signed, renewing the series through 1982 and from 1985 through 1990. They had planned to stretch it to 2000, but after last Saturday, Krause may be reluctant to follow through.

Early on, Notre Dame thought it had found a budding legend in Scott Zetek, a burly defensive end who was magnificent all afternoon. On Michigan's second play, fullback Russell Davis had blasted up the middle, hit a wall of defenders and been separated from the ball. Zetek dived on it at the Wolverine 17, and four plays later Montana hit Tight End Dennis Grindinger in the end zone. Michigan tied the score when Leach ended a 49-yard drive by faking a handoff and plunging over from four yards out, and Joe Unis kicked the extra point. The Irish then countered with a 10-play march from their 25. Vagas Ferguson gaining 34 yards in six carries, including a four-yard burst for the touchdown. The conversion made it 14-7.

In the third quarter, following an Irish fumble on the Michigan 28, Leach directed the Wolverines in 14 plays to the Irish five, where he flipped a touchdown pass to Marsh, and the score was tied again. Thereafter it was all Irish mistakes and Michigan offense. An interception by Linebacker Jerry Meter at the Notre Dame 34 led to Leach's 18-yarder down the middle to Marsh, and it was 20-14. Next, Mike Harden picked off a Montana pass, and two plays later Leach left the 40-yarder to Clayton. The dismal Irish afternoon ended with Montana being tackled by Curtis Greer for a safety, with 1:08 left.

Not long ago, Clayton, who is a poet as well as a wingback, wrote:

*All that blooms must wilt away,
All that floats must come to shore,
All that drifts must sometimes stay,
All that is passed was here before.*

He says he's never written a poem about football. Maybe not intentionally.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST Everyone, including visiting Arizona State, knew that Washington State's Jack Thompson would live up to his Thawin' Samson nickname. Even so, the Sun Devils could not contain Thompson, who unleashed scoring passes of three, 20 and 80 yards while passing for 271 yards. What no one expected was that Thompson would also do more than a little running. "I thought Jack's running was something ASU wasn't ready for," said Cougar Coach Jim Walden. Obviously the Sun Devils weren't ready, and Thompson ran for three touchdowns, twice going one yard and once scampering 19 as the Cougars romped 51-26.

Gafford Nielsen was Brigham Young's ace passer early last season when he was injured against Oregon State. Sophomore Marc Wilson, who took his place, uncorked seven touchdown passes against Colorado State last week the Cougars again faced Colorado State. This time it was Wilson who was sidelined with a slight hamstring injury. Taking his place was sophomore Jim McMahon, who was on target with seven of nine passes for 112 yards and a touchdown and ran 12 times for 80 yards and another six-pointer. McMahon played most of the way as the Cougars prevailed 32-6.

Two touchdown passes by Rich Campbell

propelled California to a hard-fought 24-6 win over University of the Pacific. Holy Cross overcame a 10-0 Air Force advantage and went on to win 35-18. A 77-yard pass play from Peter Colombo to Larry Ewald started the Crusader rally. In a Western AC battle, Texas-El Paso bumped off San Diego State 31-24.

1. USC (3-0)

2. UCLA (2-1) 3. WASHINGTON STATE (3-0)

MIDWEST It was appropriate that at halftime of the UCLA-Kansas game, the Jayhawk band performed selections from *The Wizard of Oz*. Kansas must have felt it was in Oz when Kansas' young players helped build a 28-7 halftime lead.

On the opening kickoff, freshman Buford Johnson of Kansas tackled UCLA's Anthony Lagus so hard that he fumbled, and another first-year man, J. C. Booker, recovered at the Bruin 34. The first offensive play by the Jayhawks was a 21-yard pass from sophomore Jeff Hines to sophomore Lester Mickens. Three plays later, Hines completed his first collegiate touchdown pass, a three-yarder to Kirby Criswell.

UCLA tied the score at 7-7 when Rick Bashore barged over from one yard out. But the Jayhawks zipped in from to stay by scoring three touchdowns in less than three minutes during the second period. Hines set up the first of those scores with a 51-yard toss to freshman Kevin Murphy. After Kansas went ahead 14-7, Johnson again jarred the ball loose from the UCLA kickoff returner, this time Theotis Brown. Another freshman, Roger Foote, recovered at the UCLA 19. A second Hines-to-Criswell TD pass put Kansas up 21-7. And then, after Jimmy Little ran back a punt 66 yards to the Bruin three-yard line, Hines went in for the touchdown that made it 28-7.

Touchdown runs of one and 20 yards by Brown, who finished with 148 yards in 23 carries, helped UCLA pull to within 28-24. That, however, turned out to be the final score as Bashore's last-second desperation pass was intercepted at the Kansas 42 by Robert Gentry, a what else—freshman.

With its offense churning out 534 yards and as defense limiting Mississippi to 186 and tackling runners 16 times for losses, Missouri waited to a 45-14 victory. Phil Bradley of the Tigers completed 14 of 19 passes for two touchdowns and 178 yards. The most dazzling play, however, was a 77-yard up-the-middle scoring jump by Missouri's Gerry Ellis.

Despite a school-record 27 tackles by San Jose State Linebacker Frank Munimileuna, Colorado came out ahead 22-3. Twenty-eight pass completions by Ed Luther tied another Spartan record, as he threw for 261 yards in 50 attempts. One hundred and seventy-six

continued

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Sears

yards in penalties, plus the relentless running of James Mayberry of the Buffaloes, who had 168 yards in 34 carries, led to the Spartans' downfall.

Oklahoma and Iowa State were easy winners. The Sooners routed Rice 66-7 while resting their first units during the second half. Oklahoma scored eight of the first nine times it had the ball and rolled up 607 yards, 560 of them on the ground.

Junior-college transfer Walter Grant came off the Iowa State bench to throw three touchdown passes during a 31-0 rout of Iowa. The Cyclones, who had passed for only 11 yards the week before against San Diego State, gained 178 through the air as Grant hit on seven of 10 throws and Terry Rubley on three of five. With the Hawkeyes keying on Dexter Green, the Cyclone speedster, State receivers found they had ample running room. Green, who played only half the game and ran for 56 yards, snapped his string of five straight outings in which he picked up 100 or more yards.

Arkansas ground out a 19-7 win at Oklahoma State. The Razorbacks, who led 3-0 at halftime, opened the second half with a four-play, 80-yard drive that Ben Cowins capped with a 25-yard scoring run. State promptly trimmed its deficit to 10-7 when Scott Burk combined with freshman Ron Ingram on an 80-yard touchdown pass. Minutes later, the Cowboys had a fourth down and one foot to go on the Arkansas 13-yard line. The Cowboys went for it. They did not make it. A 24-yard field goal by Ick Ordóñez and a one-yard plunge by Ron Calcagni finished off the scoring for the Razorbacks in the decisive fourth quarter.

Big Ten teams took three of four decisions against non-conference opponents, with Indiana coming through with the most notable victory, a 14-7 upset of Washington. The Huskies outgained the Hoosiers 492 yards to 238, but Indiana recovered a Washington fumble and picked off three passes. Dave Abrams coming up from his strong safety position to snare two of them. Short touchdown runs—a one-yarder in the second period by Mike Harkinder and a two-yarder by Derrick Burnett in the fourth—put the Hoosiers ahead 14-0. Washington's Joe Steele gained 155 yards in 28 carries, but that was not enough for the Huskies, who have dropped two of their three outings.

Michigan State and Purdue breezed, the Spartans walloping winless Syracuse 49-21 and the Boilermakers blanking Ohio 24-0. Flanker Kirk Gibson of the Spartans ran 16 yards for one touchdown and collaborated with Bert Vaughn on a 36-yard scoring pass. The Boilermakers also had an easy time of it as sophomore Mark Herrmann returned to form by passing for 223 yards and a pair of touchdowns.

Steve Dils of Stanford picked apart Illinois and keyed a 35-10 win by completing

24 of 30 passes for 240 yards and a touchdown. Darin Nelson also had impressive statistics for the Cardinals, latching on to six passes and rushing a total of 20 times for 123 yards.

In a pair of Big Ten games, Ohio State knocked off Minnesota 27-10 and Wisconsin toppled Northwestern 28-7. Buckeye freshman Art Schlichter, who had been intercepted five times by Penn State the week before, completed only three of seven passes, but ran for 56 yards and two touchdowns. The Badgers had little trouble with the Wildcats as Tom Staus rushed for 123 yards and two touchdowns and Ira Matthews carried for 125. Matthews also returned a punt 78 yards for a touchdown.

Tulled State won its 11th in a row, downing Toledo 20-0 in a Mid-American Conference tussle. Western Michigan's Jerome Persell ran for 226 yards, but Miami of Ohio hung on for a 7-3 MAC victory. Cincinnati was a 28-14 loser to Louisville in a non-conference game.

1. OKLAHOMA (3-0)

2. MICHIGAN (2-0) 3. COLORADO (3-0)

SOUTHWEST With 1:24 left in the first half on the Texas Tech trailing visiting Arizona 16-7, freshman Ron Reeves of the Red Raiders got the chance he had longed for. It was at that juncture that Reeves, who grew up in Lubbock, stepped in for the Red Raiders at quarterback. He dropped back to pass, incomplete. Again he passed. Again incomplete. Reeves is nothing if not persistent, and on the next play it paid off, a 16-yard completion to the Wildcat 28-yard line and a first down. Zeroed in, Reeves then hit on a 12-yard screen pass and, with 14 seconds remaining in the half, teamed up with Godfrey Turner on a 10-yard scoring play to cut Tech's deficit to 16-14.

Reeves kept the attack going in the third period, climaxing an 80-yard drive by scoring on a three-yard rollout and then passing 10 yards for another touchdown. Thus, after six minutes of playing time, Reeves had put Tech in front 28-16. Altogether, he completed 11 of 14 for 159 yards and ran 12 times for 38 yards as Tech smothered favored Arizona 41-26.

It was giveaway time when Wyoming and Texas clashed in Austin, each team losing three fumbles and being intercepted twice. Fumbles led to all the scoring, the Cowboys cashing in first after a recovery on the Texas 13, which resulted in a 22-yard field goal that put them on top, 3-0, at the end of the first quarter. Texas defenders then pounced on three loose balls deep in Wyoming territory to set up all the Longhorns' points in a lack-luster 17-3 decision.

A third Southwest Conference team that knocked off an outsider was Houston, which

throttled Utah 42-25. Emmett King of the Cougars rambled 74 yards for one score and finished with 141 yards rushing.

1. ARKANSAS (2-0)

2. TEXAS (2-0) 3. TEXAS A&M (2-0)

SOUTH Only Alabama's loss to Southern Cal (page 22) and Tennessee's tie with Oregon State kept South-eastern Conference teams from a clean sweep against non-league opponents. The Vols, who trailed 13-0, salvaged a drablock when Quarterback Jimmy Streeter accounted for two touchdowns in the last three minutes, first on a two-yard drive and then on a 44-yard pass to Jeff Moore.

The most convincing of the SEC's six winners was Mississippi State, which defeated Memphis State 44-14. Tailback James Jones picked up 114 yards in 10 carries and equaled a Bulldog record with four touchdowns. Dave Marler added variety to the Bulldog offense by completing 15 of 23 passes for 274 yards.

Baylor, which lost at Georgia the week before, was jolted this time in Kentucky. Although the Wildcats coughed up the ball five times, Quarterback Mike Deaton kept them rolling, completing 16 of 26 passes for 182 yards. Seven of his aerials, good for 99 yards, were pulled in by Felix Wilson, but the payoff strike was a 10-yarder to Greg Nord in the fourth quarter that sealed a 25-21 win.

"I would like to call them 'takeovers' instead of 'turnovers,'" said Georgia Coach Vince Dooley after his Bulldogs came up with four Clemson fumbles and made two interceptions. Whatever they should be called, Clemson Coach Charlie Pell was impressed as the Bulldogs stopped his high-powered offense en route to a 12-0 upset. Field goals of 28 and 38 yards by Rex Robinson and an 11-yard pass from Jeff Pyburn to Carmen Prince accounted for all the points.

Wake Forest blocked a punt, a field-goal attempt and a PAT kick but couldn't finish off Louisiana State. What made the Tigers 13-11 victors in front of a hometown crowd of 77,197 was the running of Charles Alexander and a defense that recovered five fumbles and stole a pass. Alexander juggled the ball 31 times for 123 yards and scored LSU's touchdowns on runs of 11 and 32 yards.

Other SEC winners were Auburn, which won 18-7 at Virginia Tech, and Vanderbilt, which beat Furman 17-10.

Former redshirt Tim O'Hare is in his fifth and final year at Maryland, where he is a drama major. Last week, O'Hare went onstage at North Carolina. With 28 yards to go on second down at the Tar Heel 35, O'Hare lobbed a perfect cross-field pass to Gary Ellis. But Ellis was looking toward the middle of the field for the ball, which was headed toward the sideline. While O'Hare pleaded, "Gary, please turn the other way," Ellis did exactly that, turning, clutching the ball and barely

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

making a first down. Moments later, Tailback Steve Atkins dashed six yards for the touchdown that gave the Terps a 21-20 Atlantic Coast Conference win.

O'Hare's 13-for-24 passing netted 164 yards, and Atkins added 162 more in 28 carries. Three field goals by Ed Loncar also helped topple Carolina, last season's ACC titlist. Terp defenders kept the Tar Heels from sweeping to the outside and held Armos Lawrence to 38 yards in 17 runs.

Duke staved off South Carolina 16-12 in another ACC game, and North Carolina State downed independent West Virginia 29-15.

A bad phone connection between press-box sporters and the sideline caused Florida State Coach Bobby Bowden to call consecutive time-outs at Miami. Aside from an 80-yard scoring run by Otis Anderson on Miami's first offensive play, however, the Seminoles were in command, winning 31-21. Florida State Nose Guard Ron Simmons forced and recovered a fumble at the Miami five to set up a field goal and also blocked a punt that Mark Mueck scooped up and carried 48 yards for a Seminole TD.

1. ALABAMA (2-1)

2. LSU (2-0) 3. FLORIDA STATE (3-0)

EAST "We were in a position where we had to take some chances," said Penn State Quarterback Chuck Fusina. The spot the Nittany Lions had found themselves in was trailing Southern Methodist 21-12 early in the third period, after Dave Hill stole a Fusina pass and returned it 40 yards for a touchdown. Two earlier SMU scores had been set up by the passing of sophomore Mike Ford, who hit on half of his 36 attempts for 289 yards.

The biggest chance Penn State took was a fourth-and-one gamble at its 36-yard line when it was trailing by nine points. Tailback Booker Moore picked up the first down on that play, and Fusina concluded the drive with a 16-yard pass to Scott Fitzker. A three-yard run by Matt Suhey later in the third quarter wrapped up Penn State's 26-21 triumph before a record home crowd of 77,404.

In lengthening its victory streak to 12 games, the best among the Division I-A teams, State got four first-half field goals from Matt Bahr and clamp-down defense in the second half. The Nittany Lions sacked Ford four times in the second half and held the Mustangs to minus-five yards rushing for the afternoon. Bahr, who has made good on 13 of 15 three-point tries in four games, is already closing in on the NCAA season record of 21 field goals.

Pittsburgh, too, had to struggle to get past Temple 21-12. The Owls, 76-0 losers to the Panthers last season, led 6-3 at halftime and were outgained only 321 yards to 317. But a 16-yard run by Quarterback Rick Troceno put Pitt in front for keeps.

Texas A&M Running Back Curtis Dickey, who ran an unofficial world-record 9.85 for 100 meters last spring, turned on his speed at Boston College. Despite missing most of the second half because of a bruised thigh, Dickey ripped off 138 yards in 18 carries and scored three times as the Aggies thrashed the Eagles 37-2. Boston College, which gave up six of seven fumbles the week before, was even more butterfingers this time as it lost six of 10 to the Aggies.

Navy, 32-0 victors over Virginia two weeks ago, cruised to its second straight shutout, stifling Connecticut 30-0. The Middies had six sacks, allowed the Huskies only 106 yards and never let them penetrate deeper than the Navy 39-yard line.

A 14-0 lead was not enough for Army as visiting Virginia evened its record with the service academies with a 21-17 upset at West Point. Midway through the fourth quarter, Tom Vigorino bulled over from one yard out on fourth down to put the Cavaliers on top.

Lehigh and South Carolina State, which were tied for first place in the Associated Press Division I-AA poll, both won. The Engineers extended their longest-ever victory streak to 11 games by smothering Colgate 38-7, as Quarterback Rich Andrei passed for a pair of touchdowns and ran for two more. In a Mid-Eastern Atlantic Conference contest played before a crowd of 17,139 at Giants Stadium in New Jersey, South Carolina State whipped Howard 27-0. The Bulldogs' offensive line, which averages 245 pounds, repeatedly opened holes, which Cornelius Reed rushed through for 163 yards and Nate Rivers for 126.

Yale began the defense of its Ivy League title by mauling Brown 21-0. For the first time since 1970, Columbia came out on top

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: The Thrown' Samson, Jack Thompson of Washington State, hit on 16 of 34 passes for 271 yards and three touchdowns and ran 13 times for 54 yards and three more TDs as the Cougars beat Arizona State 51-26.

DEFENSE: Indiana shocked Washington 14-7, largely because of senior Linebacker Joe Norman, who harassed ballcarriers all day, took part in 16 tackles—11 unassisted—and dropped runners for 14 yards in losses.

of Harvard 21-19; it was also the first time the Lions had won in Cambridge since 1961. Buddy Teevens' 15 completions in 24 throws enabled Dartmouth to outlast Penn 31-21. Cornell's running built up a 14-0 edge over Princeton, but the passing of Ken Barrett rallied the Tigers to a 14-14 tie.

1. PENN STATE (4-0)
2. PITTSBURGH (2-0) 3. NAVY (2-0)



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The real battle began after Muhammad Ali and Leon Spinks finished fighting. No sooner had the two heavyweights left the Superdome ring than the principals involved in the promotion were swinging away, and in a matter of hours it was clear that it was going to be a more eventful fight than the one that preceded it.

The first sign of trouble was the discovery of two questionable \$200,000 finder's fees. Then, in stunning sequence, came a \$1 million suit charging misappropriation of funds, an inexcusable diatribe delivered by Ali, charges of ancillary rip-offs, a ticket-duplicating scheme that may have netted more than \$500,000 and a \$15 million slander suit. By last weekend, a U.S. grand jury had been impaneled in New Orleans, Justice Department subpoenas were issued and the FBI was impounding records in New York and Louisiana. FBI agents expressed interest in two of the local promoters, Don Hubbard and Sherman Copelin, as well as in high-ranking Louisiana political figures and an official of the Teamsters Union.

The story began innocently enough. Top Rank, which held all promotional rights to the heavyweight title fight, was looking for a buyer for the live gate. Bob Arum, Top Rank's chairman of the board, thought he had South Africa locked up for \$5 million. But when the moneyman in Johannesburg asked for more time, Arum, with more than \$7 million already assured from ABC and international closed-circuit television, sold the live gate for \$3 million to a group of investors in New Orleans who were among those who had expressed interest in staging the fight.

From that point on, the plot thickened. In quick order, a number of teams and players were involved.

Team A: Louisiana Sports, Inc., which bought the live gate rights, plus some of the ancillaries. LSI consists principally of Jake Dimaggio and Philip Ciccio, two white men, and Hubbard and Copelin, both of whom are black.

To make the deal, LSI received \$3.6 million in financial backing from...

Team B: Civic Enterprises of Louisiana, Inc., known as the Lafayette Group. It consists of six wealthy and influential men from the city of Lafayette, and is headed up by Bob Wright, the president of the Louisiana Bar Association.

It should be recorded with an asterisk

The Louisiana purchase

The Ali-Spinks battle was a skirmish compared to the wheeling and dealing in which somebody bought somebody and nobody knows where the money went

that while Louisiana Governor Edwin W. Edwards is not listed on Team B's roster, his actions at this point certainly didn't hurt their cause. "I made a few phone calls," said Edwards. The result of one call was quick legislative approval for reducing the state's special sales tax on boxing promotions from 5% of the gross gate to a maximum of \$5,000. At the last yet-to-be-audited count—which is at least \$1 million below educated guesses—the fight had a gross gate of \$4,806,675. Even using that low figure, the state's share at the former tax rates would have been \$240,333.75.

And after another of the governor's calls—this one to Superdome officials—the rental charge for the fight became \$100,000, plus roughly another \$75,000 for costs. Normally one night's rental for the Dome is 10% of the gross after taxes. The estimated savings as a result of that call: \$300,000.

Enter now Team C, Corporate Management Ltd., which, surprisingly, turns out to be Copelin and Hubbard, who are

hired by Team A to handle the daily operations—for which Copelin and Hubbard were each paid \$55,000, plus unlimited expenses.

There is more. Along comes Team D, Sports and Entertainment, Ltd. of Delaware. This outfit consists of John Lewis—the father of Butch Lewis, then a Top Rank vice-president—and two friends. Copelin and Hubbard awarded them some of LSI's ancillary rights.

On Sept. 15, just seven hours before the fight, Arum and two of the LSI people, Dimaggio and Ciccio, exchanged

continued



"Old Butch never took a dollar," was the word from Butch Lewis (above). Promoter Bob Arum put it another way: Old Butch is fired, he said.

affidavits stating that Arum on the one hand and Dimaggio and Ciacco on the other had been "duped" into paying \$200,000 finder's fees to salaried employees. Arum said that he had paid the sum (\$50,000 by check and the rest in a letter of credit) to Copelin and Hubbard at the urging of Butch Lewis. In turn, LSI partners Dimaggio and Ciacco said that at the urging of Copelin and Hubbard, they had given \$25,000 to Butch Lewis, with a promise of \$175,000 more after the fight.

Copelin and Hubbard, backed by Lewis, said that they came by the money honestly for "finding" the fight—bringing it to New Orleans (Later they would agree to give \$45,000 of the money to Dimaggio and Ciacco).

Butch Lewis denied he had received \$25,000 from anyone. "Old Butch never took a dollar, never asked for a dollar, and never gave back a dollar," he said. "Anybody says Butch did is a liar."

What Arum said was, "Lewis is fired."

To which Lewis retorted, "He's only firing Butch because Butch already quit."

Meanwhile, Canon Camera had paid \$100,000 to Sports and Entertainment, Ltd. (Team D) for rights to advertise in the Dome. Canon paid \$50,000 up front and sent another \$50,000 to a New York City attorney who also represents Butch Lewis, the money to be held in escrow until after the fight. Only \$20,000 of that amount was forwarded to Louisiana Sports, according to Dimaggio. Dimaggio further says that Hubbard told him Canon was only paying \$20,000 for the advertising space. Apparently, Sports and Entertainment, Ltd. kept the remaining \$80,000 for services rendered.

"I don't know anything about Sports and Entertainment, Ltd., except it is a company formed by my old man," Butch Lewis said. "Why can't my old man form a company and make his own deals?"

To which Ciacco said, "It stinks. Who is kidding whom? It's ludicrous. What rights did Hubbard and Copelin have to sell for \$20,000 a deal which was worth \$100,000? We expect to recover the rest of the money in court."

Even more money seemed to have gone astray. The contract to sell the fight programs at the Superdome was awarded to Theatrical Happening Inc. for \$50,000. Last June 17, Lewis brought a man identified only as Harvey to the Top Rank offices in New York. Harvey, of Theatrical Happening Inc., was carrying \$40,000 in cash. Lewis asked Arum if he

would take the cash and give Harvey a check for the same amount.

"I told him no," Arum said later. "I thought the whole thing was insane. But I did say, reluctantly, that I would take the cash and put it on the books as a transaction deal, and then send a check for \$40,000 to LSI in New Orleans. And that's what we did." The money was part of the \$50,000 owed to LSI for the program rights.

"I don't know Harvey," Lewis said. "I just heard he owns some small grocery stores in Brooklyn or Queens. I suppose the program people paid the other \$10,000 at a later date."

If the \$10,000 was paid, Dimaggio and Ciacco say they never saw it. "We were told by Copelin that we had sold the program rights for \$40,000," Dimaggio said.

The program was one thing, tickets were another. Last week FBI agents began checking a report that at least 5,000 of the \$100 tickets had been duplicated. One set was sold for \$50,000; some phonies were discovered among the unsold tickets. It was also reported that the government agents had picked up a Teamster official who had 3,000 bogus tickets.

On fight night, early unaudited returns showed that 65,370 people paid to see Ali's victory. One veteran Dome official estimated the crowd count at closer to 71,000, and the gate nearer to \$6 million than \$4.8 million.

Less than 12 hours after the fight—after rounding up a judge on Saturday morning—Dimaggio, a traffic management specialist and wholesale liquor distributor, and New Orleans Councilman Ciacco filed a suit in civil district court charging Copelin and Hubbard with misappropriating more than \$1 million.

Over the weekend, at the urging of Bob Wright (Team B, the Lafayette Group), Dimaggio and Ciacco met with Copelin and Hubbard. The latter two agreed to meet all Dimaggio and Ciacco's demands if the suit was dropped. There would also be a statement saying that it was all a misunderstanding.

Dimaggio and Ciacco, who each held a 21% share of LSI, had demanded from their two black partners their share of the \$200,000 finder's fee paid to LSI by Top Rank, and insisted that LSI only pay \$50,000 of an additional \$250,000 in finder's fees still reportedly owed Lewis and Alden MacDonald, the president of Liberty Bank of New Orleans. MacDonald already had been given \$25,000 for bring-

ing the LSI people together with the Lafayette Group. Copelin and Hubbard agreed they wouldn't give Lewis any more money, and they would give MacDonald only two-thirds of another \$75,000 promised him.

"We got what we wanted without prejudice," Ciacco said. "We got \$45,000 from the finder's fee, and we saved having to pay \$45,000. But I didn't like that 'misunderstanding' thing. There was no misunderstanding. But Jake and I went along. It was a big mistake."

The statement that Copelin and Hubbard asked for was issued at 9 a.m. Monday. At 10:31, at a press conference planned the night before by Copelin, Hubbard and Lewis, Ali launched a stunning attack at whines in general, and at Jews and Italians in particular, and at Dimaggio and Ciacco in absentia.

The press conference was just as shocking to the three blacks as it was to everyone else. They had hoped to use it as a step in forming their own promotional group. They thought they had Ali primed for a vitriolic attack on Arum. They had arranged for Bob Cole, a public relations man for LSI, to write a press release for Ali, in which the champion was supposed to praise the trio while destroying Arum. But when Ali saw the release—which already had been distributed—he refused to read it. With good reason: when Ali retires, he and Arum have a pact to copromote a series of elimination bouts, and then to copromote four world heavyweight title fights.

So, rather than attacking Arum, Ali instead charged that the \$1 million suit against Hubbard and Copelin—which the parties had already agreed to settle—was racially motivated against black enterprise. "Why are they picking on niggers?" was one typical Ali remark. "Why do only the big Jews and big shots make all the money? To Jews and white people, money is God. From what I've seen, this is a black-white thing."

After that it got worse. But as Ali's harangue wound down, he was asked about the specifics of the suit he was berating. Ali jerked a thumb in the direction of Hubbard, Copelin and Lewis, and said, "I can't tell you exactly... but they can."

With that, Ali and his \$3.5 million share of the purse left New Orleans.

Dimaggio and Ciacco, angrily demanding that Ali apologize for the attack against them, filed a \$10 million suit for slander. In Chicago, Herbert Muham-

continued



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THE GANT ATTITUDE

mad, Ali's manager, was outraged. "This is not a black-white thing," he said. "I am very sorry this happened. I know, in my heart and mind, Ali is not a racist."

Dimaggio and Ciccio, however, said their lives and the lives of their families had been threatened since Ali's statement. They asked for and were given police protection. And on Thursday, from Chicago, Ali issued an apology.

Dimaggio and Ciccio said that the apology was not nearly enough. The \$10 million suit was not withdrawn. Dimaggio demanded a public apology in New Orleans. Ciccio said he would settle for an apology from Ali on national TV.

Meanwhile, they are waiting for an audit of the fight, which probably won't be completed until well into next month. The FBI has tied up the records of Hubbard and Copelin for the time being.

On Thursday, Dimaggio and Ciccio, with their attorney William Wessel, met with Copelin and Hubbard at the Bank of New Orleans. According to Dimaggio, the scene went like this:

Turning to Copelin, Ciccio asked, "Where's all the money? In what banks, under what names, and what are the numbers of the accounts?"

"I won't tell you," Copelin replied.

"Come on, Sherman, give us the damn banks," Wessel said.

"I won't do it," Copelin repeated.

"I'm the damn treasurer of the company," roared the volatile Dimaggio. "I demand you tell me."

"Absolutely not," said Hubbard.

On Saturday, Hubbard and Copelin filed a \$15 million slander suit against Aram for calling them "hoodlums" and "dangerous people." The petition also claims that Aram repeated false allegations that Hubbard and Copelin sold tickets to seats not shown on the master seating plan and appropriated the proceeds and that they uphoned off ancillary income for themselves by negotiating contracts that should have accrued for the benefit of LSI.

On that note, the week closed. But don't throw away your programs. U.S. Attorney John Volz in New Orleans said the grand jury was looking into possible violations of federal laws, such as interstate transportation of stolen funds and mail fraud. And FBI Special Agent Francis M. Mullen, assigned to New Orleans, said his staff was conducting an investigation relating to the fight's finances.

Tune in next week.

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Lynchburg Coach Bill Shellenberger set a record by playing the game his way

Having fun, seriously

For one moment last week, during halftime of a game his Lynchburg College Hornets were playing against neighboring Radford College, Bill Shellenberger looked pleased, even moved. The break in a college soccer game is fairly casual—no hypertense locker-room scenes—and Shellenberger's players were gathered around him, admiring a plaque he was holding aloft. On it there were 23 small brass plates, each inscribed for one of the seasons he'd been the soccer coach at Lynchburg. "All right, no big deal," he said. "We've got a game to win, let's go."

For Shellenberger, a weathered and tanned 57-year-old with a Bob Hope nose and Johnny Cash sideburns, it may indeed have been no big deal, but for college soccer and Lynchburg (not the one in Tennessee where they make sippin' whiskey, but the one in Virginia where they make Chap-Stick) it was cause for celebration. The weekend before, when his NCAA Division III Hornets had won two games in the Blue Ridge Tournament, Shellenberger had become the winningest coach ever in college soccer. The Hornets had beaten Alderson-Broaddus 4-0 and Mount St. Mary's 6-1, thereby giving Shellenberger 252 wins during his 23 years at Lynchburg, a 1,500-student, private liberal-arts college nestled in the Blue Ridge Mountains. The previous record was held by Glenn Warner of Navy, who retired in 1975.

Lynchburg's president, Dr. Carey Brewer, had appeared on the field to hand Shellenberger the plaque, noting that there was room left for Shellenberger's 300th win. "Oh, boy," said the coach. "here comes the pressure again."

In college soccer, Lynchburg is respected mainly because of Shellenberger. It is not a school that will rise to national soccer prominence like a University of San Francisco, an Indiana or a Hartwick. Like most other Division III schools, Lynchburg doesn't offer athletic scholarships.

Relaxing in his comfortable house on Faculty Drive—it is next door to the president's residence, thereby serving as

a visible reminder of soccer's prominence at football-less Lynchburg—Shellenberger sat with his two dogs and his favorite occasional beverage, bourbon and Pepsi, and talked about his moderate approach to the game and his old-fashioned ideas about the place of soccer, and athletics, in America.

"I would be against offering athletic scholarships even if the trustees were for it," he said. "My idea, and the college's, is that athletics should cause as little interference with education as possible. I've had offers from schools where they want to build a championship soccer squad, but I always turn them down. I don't like the pressure of that situation, and I don't like blue-chip players who are headstrong."

When Shellenberger was growing up near Reading, Pa., playing soccer in high school, and later at Penn State, the star player system didn't exist. It still doesn't for him. "There's something terribly wrong with college athletics today," he says. "It's taken the dollar turn. I don't see how building a championship football team for millions of dollars benefits the students at all."

The night before the game against Radford last week, Shellenberger made a short speech at a faculty meeting where professors were telling their colleagues what they did on their recent sabbaticals. After listening to a talk on "The Novel in the Spanish Civil War" and an agonizing ramble on German-Russian economics in 1900, Shellenberger climbed to the podium and told of his three summers visiting soccer "camps" along the East Coast, concluding that many of them were rap-offs. "They're in it to make a buck, a lot of them," he said. Someone asked about the sport's future, and Shellenberger didn't adopt the blue-sky approach that seems to infect everyone in the game these days. "It's a great game, a great game for kids," he said, "but I don't believe that it will ever become the national pastime. It's not going to push Monday Night Football off the air. We'll never win Howard Cosell for soccer—so we've got that to be thankful for."

continued

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SOCCER continued

One began to wonder how this skeptical coach produced a 252-101-23 record until one realized that the school is right on his wavelength. In fact, the soccer field itself is almost in the middle of the campus, bound on one side by neo-Colonial dormitories within 30 feet of the sideline. At home games the dorm windows are full of students sitting on the sills. The porch roofs are jammed. And the most enterprising drag couches and easy chairs from the lobbies to sit on the sidelines, sipping beer and gently heckling the opposing players and the officials.

Lynchburg games regularly draw 1,500 to 2,000 fans, including a matched pair of the longest, fattest basset hounds in Virginia, who forage for Fritos crumbs and sport red ribbon collars. The whole thing reminds one of a hoedown where the exercise is soccer instead of square dancing.

It really isn't quite that casual, as a look at Lynchburg's roster reveals. Sixteen of the 23-man squad are from New Jersey, with a sprinkling from New York and Pennsylvania. Only two players are from Virginia. "The college started attracting a lot of students from the North in the '60s," says Shellenberger, "and that was to my benefit, because New Jersey is a hotbed of youth soccer. We don't recruit foreign players, like Clemson and Howard do, from Africa and the Caribbean. When we say 'foreign player,' we mean Bergen County." Shellenberger and Assistant Coach George Grenda, who just happens to be from Trenton, make one recruiting trip a year to Tenafly, New Brunswick and Ridgewood. "I'm the master of soft-sell on the road," says Shellenberger. "After all, I've got nothing to offer them except playing soccer." That, and Lynchburg's reputation for excellence on the field.

Shellenberger is also Lynchburg's athletic director. "So I avoid one of the prime complaints of soccer coaches," he says. "I make sure soccer gets a good budget." He also coaches golf and teaches a heavy load of five phys-ed courses.

"I came here as a temporary basketball and track coach in 1952 and stayed on. Maybe I'm crazy," says Shellenberger. He started soccer at Lynchburg in 1954. "We had dropped football in the '30s, and our only fall sport then was cross-country."

Art Kraus, now a Roanoke businessman, played for one of Shellenberger's teams in the '50s. "We Virginia boys had never seen a soccer ball," he said last week. "We were all high school football players then, and the way we played soccer was that if you didn't get the ball, you got the man. Our games looked like World War II."

Against Radford the current edition of Lynchburg soccer looked as smooth as any college team in the country. Stymied for the first 10 minutes by the hard-charging, free-tackling style used by Radford, the Hornets pulled themselves together and scored their first goal at the 12-minute mark. Shellenberger employs a 5-3-2 configuration, using the inside forwards as galloping midfielders when necessary. It's about like driving an Edsel onto the Star Wars set.

"It worked for 23 years, and it's simple," Shellenberger says. "Why change now?" The players we get now are tremendously sophisticated. First, they're so much better at basic skills that it's sometimes frightening, and they all know so much about soccer. They get irritated with me. One of them will ask, "Coach, do you think Shep Messing comes off the line too far in a one-on-one?" and I have to ask, "Who's Shep Messing?" Once I get past Pelé, I'm lost in the pro game."

Leading 2-0 at halftime and with his plaque stowed away under the bench, Shellenberger stood stiffly at the sideline, totally involved in the game, reprimanding a player for a missed shot, congratulating a midfielder on a good tackle. He would often pull out a boy and give him a mini-clinic on the sideline. His harshest words were, "Judas Priest, get it through the hole, son." That's Shellenberger nled up.

"The secret of winning so many games," he says, "is to stay healthy. You've got to last a long time for that. And have fun. Serious fun. Don't get in over your head and blow out your teams for championships."

In the end, the Hornets walloped Radford 6-1. On Saturday they went on the road and tied tough and skilled William & Mary 1-1. The record 252-101-24. No big deal at all if you're Bill Shellenberger. But if you're anyone else in college soccer, chances are that yours is one of the congratulatory telegrams or letters piled on the coach's desk. **END**



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BRAVO, MARIO!

Hard-charging Mario Andretti experienced both triumph and tragedy on his way to becoming the second American to win the world driving championship



by ***ROBERT F. JONES***



CONTINUED

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A few summers ago, Mario Andretti found time for a rare break from the whirling world of cars and speed. It was only his second vacation since he started racing full time in 1965. He took his family out to Lake Powell, the unboundament behind Glen Canyon Dam on the Arizona-Utah border, for a week of houseboating, water skiing and just general relaxation. Parnelli Jones, a former rival but then manager of the Indy car team Andretti drove for, was there with his family, too, as were a few other racing people.

Andretti proved as much a daredevil on water skis as he is behind a racing wheel. He loved nothing better than ripping along behind Parnelli's Campbell ski boat and seeing how close he could come to the red stone cliffs. He also seemed to enjoy rolling giant boulders off the cliffs and hearing them crash far below. The week went quickly—sun and sandstone, cold nights frosted with stars, good fishing, cool water and plenty of iced Olympia beer (at the time one of

Parnelli's sponsors). Then the group headed back to the marina and the high-dollar, high-pressure world of motor racing. En route a spectacular thunderstorm cut loose overhead. Rain sluiced the red cliffs so that in places they looked as if they were gushing blood. Lightning bolts clouted the peaks and ridges, sending great chunks of stone and sand flying into the sky.

Andretti was steering a rented houseboat. "The Quaking Madonna," as he had named it, with one hand and aiming a 35-mm. camera with the other.

"What are you up to?" someone yelled to him from another boat.

"Trying to shoot the lightning just when it hits," Andretti answered, not looking away from the viewfinder.

A few moments later, when a great bolt smacked a peak, Andretti's shutter finger clicked and he turned with a wide grin.

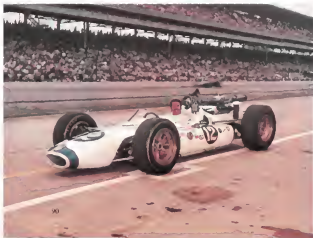
"I think I got it," he said.

It was a fitting gesture: if anyone can capture lightning in midair, it's Mario Andretti.

On Sept. 10 at Monza, Italy, Andretti actually caught the lightning, but he was singled. In his third full season on the Formula 1 Grand Prix circuit, he clinched the world driving championship, a title he has wanted more than any other in his 21-year racing career. In so doing, he became only the second American ever to win the world's most honored racing crown. Phil Hill.



As a rookie, Andretti drove a Hawk to the 1965 Indy car title. After winning at Sebring in a Ford GT40, he won again for Ferrari in 1970 (above).



Andretti's Ford stock car won the Daytona 500 in 1967, but even he—and Paul Newman as sponsor—didn't make the "Hooker" a Can-Am winner



who had won the title in 1961 while driving for Ferrari, cabled Andretti from Santa Monica, Calif.: DEAR MARIO, SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS ON ATTAINING YOUR DREAM OF WORLD CHAMPION AFTER A HARD-FOUGHT AND HONORABLE CLIMB TO THE TITLE. MAY THE FUTURE BRING YOU MUCH JOY AND CONTENTMENT. DAN GARNER, who himself won four Grand Prix races over a 10-year career as one of the most respected drivers on the circuit, wired: WELL DONE, CHAMP. IF ANY FORMULA 1 GRAND PRIX CHAMPION DESERVES THE TITLE WORLD CHAMPION, YOU GET MY VOTE AND CONGRATULATIONS. IT'S FROM MY HEART, AMLO.

But despite all the congratulations, the victory was a painful one for Andretti. His teammate, 34-year-old Ronnie Peterson of Sweden, died after a horrendous 10-car crash on the opening lap of the race (see box, page 92). "This is no time to think about celebrating," Andretti said. "I just can't begin to talk about the championship at this stage. We worked so hard, so close together this year, to make it all happen, and now it seems a

kind of hollow victory. It's been a tragic day all the way around."

With only three of the season's 16 Grand Prix races left to run—the one at Monza, the United States GP at Watkins Glen this Sunday, and the Canadian at Montreal next week—Peterson had been the only driver with a mathematical chance of edging Andretti for the title. To some observers, Peterson's death seemed to taint Andretti's championship, to make it somehow too easily won. But they were not aware of the contract Peterson had signed early this year when he joined Colin Chapman's John Player Team Lotus. "I knew the terms and conditions which I would have to accept when I joined the team," Peterson had said at Zandvoort, Holland two weeks before the Italian race, "and part of the deal was that I was No. 2 to Mario. Now he's in a very good position to take the title, and since I'm the only driver who still has a chance at overtaking him, I won't do anything to present a threat to his chances."

That is the way it is in motor racing,

but any suggestion that Andretti's was an easy championship does not take into account the hard facts. Formula 1 racing is the most demanding test of skill, nerve and judgment in sport. That Peterson was about the 50th person to die at the Monza Autodrome simply underscores the point. Guiding a 1,180-pound open-wheeled race car through traffic on twisting tracks at speeds in excess of 200 mph requires superb reflexes and hairline balance—not to mention total concentration and total suspension of the imagination. Even the best driver in the world is subject to misjudgments on the part of other drivers, and to mechanical failures that, at such high speeds, can be fatal. To this day no one knows why Jimmy Clark, judged by some to be the greatest of drivers, crashed to his death negotiating a long sweeping curve while alone in the lead of a Formula 1 race at Hockenheim, Germany in 1968. Peterson was judged one of the quickest drivers the sport has ever seen, and with 122 GPs behind him he was also among the most experienced. For example, even Jackie Stewart, three-time world champion with an unmatched record of 27 Grand Prix victories, started only 99 Formula 1 races in his career.

Andretti, who has started 78 Grands Prix since 1968 (although it is only in the past three seasons that he has been able to run enough of them in a single season to be a serious contender for the points title), has 12 wins. His six victories so far this year equal the most Stewart ever won in a single season. Andretti actually crossed the finish line at Monza ahead of everyone else, but he and Fer-

continued

ran's Gilles Villeneuve were penalized a minute each for allegedly jumping the restart of the race after the crash. Had his victory held up, Andretti would have tied Clark's record number of wins for a single season. With the two North American races still to be run, the chances are good that Andretti will yet equal or bet-

ter the mark his predecessor on the Lotus team set in 1965.

But the true significance of Andretti's performance this year gets lost in the welter of numbers and the shadow of Peterson's tragic death. "Mario is not just a champion," argues Phil Hill, outcried at any suggestion that it was a cheap suc-

cess. "He's a great champion. Mario is a fine, strong, talented driver, a wise driver and a good man." Hill was struck by the similarities between his championship and Andretti's. He won it on the same track, Monza, and on the same date, Sept. 10. And his own Ferrari teammate, Wolfgang Graf Berghe von Trosch, who

continued



Andretti examines Peterson's wrecked Lotus

A STOP IS NO WAY TO START

Grand Prix racing is the only major form of motor sport that still requires a standing start. It was precisely that method of beginning the Italian Grand Prix on Sept. 10 that triggered the 10-car crash at the Monza circuit in which Ronnie Peterson was fatally injured.

The starting grid at Monza had Mario Andretti on the pole in his John Player Lotus, with Ferrari's Gilles Villeneuve, a 26-year-old Canadian, beside him. Peterson had qualified fifth, but he had crashed his Lotus 79 during the morning warmup, losing his rear brakes and hitting a tree with the left side of his car. Consequently, for the race, Peterson had to use his backup car, a Lotus 78.

Just before the scheduled 3:31 p.m. start the cars took a warmup lap. They were supposed to halt at the final starting grid, which is marked on the track. The starting device at

Monza is a two-stage light. When the red light goes on, all of the cars are supposed to be stopped on the grid. From one to 10 seconds after the red light flashes, the green starting light comes on, signaling the start of the race.

Chris Pook, the organizer of the Long Beach Grand Prix, was standing in the chicane at the end of the main straightaway where the start-finish line is located. "The leading cars came out of the last turn and onto the straight," he says, "and stopped as they came to the grid. The red light was on. Then, not three seconds later, the green flashed. The cars at the tail end of the pack were still rolling at about 60 miles an hour when the start signal flashed."

Some of the cars at the rear took understandable advantage of their flying start and tore up through the middle of the pack. Pook says, "Riccardo Patrese's car seemed to have hit James Hunt, who was right beside Ronnie at that point. It was just where the road began to narrow from a width of 40 feet to 40 feet. James touched wheels with Ronnie and the Lotus went into the right-side barrier. It bounced off, flaming, and shot across the track to crash into the left-side barrier." The cars were up to at least 125 mph at that moment, some as much as 145.

Hunt leaped out of his car and ran to help Peterson. Patrick Depailler, whose Tyrrell had also been disabled in the chain-reaction crash, and Clay Regazzoni, whose Shadow was likewise damaged, dashed over to assist. The three drivers reached into the flames and pulled Peterson clear.

The first three cars off the grid—Andretti, Villeneuve's and the Brabham of defending world champion Niki Lauda—had disappeared through the chicane before the accident began. Before the end of their first lap the race was stopped.

"It was 11 minutes before an ambulance got to Ronnie," says Pook. "They took him to the field hospital, stabilized him, and then a helicopter flew him to Niguarda Hospital in Milan."

Peterson's legs were fractured in eight places and his right heel had been destroyed by the impact. He had first- and second-degree burns on his left arm and back. Andretti and Lotus team manager and owner Colin

Chapman visited Peterson in the hospital about nine that night. They waited in a reception room while Peterson was in surgery. He had been taken to the operating room at 8 p.m., and a team of doctors worked over his legs for seven hours. All the medical bulletins Andretti and Chapman received predicted a slow but total recovery.

Unknown to anyone, though, a killer was loose in Peterson's body. Bits of bone marrow—fat emboli, the physicians call them—had osmoted into his bloodstream as a result of the multiple fractures. They entered his lungs and kidneys, throwing him into irreversible shock. He began to deteriorate rapidly. When his kidneys finally failed, he died, at 10:11 the next morning.

"Fat embolisms are only very tiny particles," says Professor Fred Watkins, a physician for the Formula 1 Constructors' Association and a teacher at the London Clinic, "but they have a disastrous effect. There is always the chance of that happening with a fractured bone and there is nothing one can do about it. There can certainly be no blame attributed to the hospital. They had the best facilities and gave the very best treatment."

There may be nothing anyone can do about fat emboli, but something can certainly be done about starting procedures at Monza and elsewhere on the Grand Prix circuit. On the restart of the race, nearly three hours after the crash, Andretti and Villeneuve were charged with jumping the green light and penalized a minute each. The green light went on a full 20 seconds after the red—10 seconds still. Though they crossed the start-finish line first and second, Andretti wound up sixth and Villeneuve seventh. Lauda was given the victory, with John Watson second.

Andretti had won his championship, but he had lost a close friend and teammate. Worse still, Grand Prix racing had suffered another brutal blow after 18 months without a fatality. Such tragedies could be averted if the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile adopted a safer starting procedure in Formula 1. A carefully controlled rolling start, in which each car is moving at the same speed, would be every bit as exciting, and far safer, than the system now in use. It would certainly save lives.

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died that day at Monza, was Hill's only rival for the title. On the second lap von Trips was bumped from behind by Clark, who was driving his first Formula 1 race ever, entering the high-speed curve called the Parabolica. Von Trips' car caromed off the earthen banking and crashed into the crowd on the far side of the track, killing him and 14 onlookers. Hill went on to win the race and the championship, 34 points to 33.

What makes the Formula 1 title particularly gratifying to Andretti is that only two years ago many people were saying he was washed up. The golden boy of the late '60s—winner of USAC's Rookie of the Year award in 1965, points champion in '65, '66 and '69, winner of the Daytona 500 for stock cars, winner of the 12 Hours of Sebring for Sports/Prototype racers; in fact, winner at all he turned his hand to—seemed now a has-been. He always was near the top in the Indy car point standings but he hadn't scored many major victories since 1971, when he took a Ferrari home first in

South Africa's Grand Prix at Kyalami. Such things are not uncommon in motor sports—under the constant strain of travel, cockpit heat, the view from the ragged edge and the deaths of racing friends, a hot young driver, hungry, quick and ambitious, turns overnight into a burnt-out case. Maybe his hands shake in his sleep. Maybe he drinks or takes dope or chases pit kittens. Maybe he has seen so many crashes that the fire wall between imagination and nerve erodes, and the demons ride his shoulders through every race. Certainly the middle '70s represented a nadir in Andretti's career. Was he spooked?

"Nah," he says, "I just had bum rides." And he laughs.

But of course there is more to it, things that take shape only within the contours of a career.

He has wanted it from childhood: the world championship. Mario Gabriele Andretti was born 38 years ago in Montona, Italy, a village near Trieste, then

part of Italy, the elder (by a few hours) of a set of identical twins. His father, Alvise, was a landowner in that harsh country.

After World War II, Trieste was ceded to Yugoslavia, and the Andrettis lost everything. They spent some time in a displaced-persons' camp, which may account for Mario's inability to sit still for very long. Then they moved to Lucca, a city near Florence.

In Lucca, the Andrettis lived across the street from a garage, and the twins, Mario and Aldo, hung out there whenever they could, fascinated with the guts of cars. One year the garagemen took the boys to watch the Mille Miglia pass near Florence. The Mille Miglia was one of the last tough, open-road races. It ran in a great, ragged 1,000-mile circle from Brescia down through the Apennines and back up the coast, over real roads, flat-out, and anything went. That was until 1957 when the Marquis de Portago, driving a Ferrari with an American friend, Edmund Nelson, blew a tire at high speed



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not 50 miles from the finish, flew over an embankment and killed himself, Nelson, 11 onlookers and the race as well. But to the young boys from Montona, watching the race in an earlier year, there was nothing more exciting—the crowds, the stink of burned rubber, castor oil and sweat, the great roaring noises ripping past, blurs of color within color. They were hooked.

"In those years, local clubs in Italy were sponsoring a driving program for young drivers," Andreotti recalls. "You had to be 14 to get in it, but Aldo and I lied about our age and started racing at 13. Our folks were dead set against us racing, so we had to do it on the sly. The only one who knew we were racing was the priest, but we had told him in the confessional, so he couldn't flunk on us. We had a motorbike that we shared, and whenever we got banged up in a race—the cars were dinky little things with Fiat Topolino engines and you couldn't really get hurt too bad—we'd tell our folks that we'd come off the bike."

As Andreotti speaks, using the argot of the track and contemporary American idioms, there is nevertheless a subtle giveaway that English is his second language. His words come with a staccato rhythm and he pays careful attention to the enunciation of consonants, so that it seems to the listener that everything he says has been thought out and weighed. It is this trait that leads many people to think that Andreotti never lets his guard down. In fact, the opposite is the case.

In 1955, Italy was in an economic nose dive, so Papa Andreotti moved the family to Nazareth, Pa., where an uncle of Mario's owned a gas station. While Papa went to work in the steel mills, the twins took jobs as pump jockeys with their uncle and saved enough money to buy a 1948 Hudson. In 1958, they again set off racing on the sly, this time on the tiny, tough dirt tracks of eastern Pennsylvania. The boys did well from the start, winning their first couple of races. But then the male fortune they had successfully evaded in Italy caught up with them in the form of plain old American rotten luck. In his last race of the season Aldo rolled the Hudson and fractured his skull. He was in a coma for nearly a week.

"The truth had to come out, I guess," Andreotti says. "But I hated to be the one to spill it. At first I made up some cock-and-bull story about Aldo falling off a truck. But then I had to tell. It was a bad

scene. Italian sons do not disobey their fathers, and they sure don't lie to them. For a long time our father wouldn't speak to us."

Aldo raced off and on for 10 more years, but without much luck. In 1969 another accident prompted him to retire. Mario, though, continued nonstop, working his way up through midgets, sprint cars and modifieds, and building a reputation as a hard-charging, win-at-all-costs hot shoe. One day at Hatfield, Pa., on the same track where Aldo had flipped their jalopy, Mario won two midget main events and, that night, at Flemington, N.J., he won another midget race. It was Labor Day of 1963, and after that sweep he felt that he was ready for the big time, for the Indy-type "champ cars." He was 23 years old.

Early in 1964 he got his chance: a ride at Trenton, N.J. for Doug Stearly in a classic Offenhauser roadster, his first championship race on the USAC circuit. He made the field all right, and though he promptly spun out of the race, he went on to finish eighth. "I learned a lesson that day," he says ruefully, "a lesson about speed and tires and road surfaces. It was a rude awakening." Later in the season, when Chuck Hulse was injured in a sprint-car race at New Bremen, Ohio, Andreotti hit up Hulse's chief mechanic, Clint Brawner, for an Indy ride in the Dean Van Lines Special that Hulse had been slated to drive. Brawner knew Andreotti wasn't ready for Indy—not quite yet—but he was impressed enough by Andreotti's performance in a sprint-car race at Terre Haute to let him finish out the season for Al Dean. Andreotti did not let Brawner down. He actually led a couple of races and finished with enough points to end up third in the U.S. Auto Club driver standings for sprint cars that year.

Jack Brabham, the Australian Grand Prix driver, had revolutionized Indy racing in 1961 when he appeared at the Brickyard in a tiny, rear-engined Cooper-Chimex. The hoists of American big-car racing had scoffed at first, calling the Cooper a "Tinker Toy" and worse. Yet when Brabham finished ninth in the Memorial Day race, a slow move began toward more stable, quicker-cornering rear-engined cars. Andreotti had started for Brawner and Dean in a traditional front-engined roadster that was little dif-

ferent in concept from the Marmon Wasp in which Ray Harroun won the first Indianapolis 500 in 1911. In 1965, Brawner made the jump to a rear-engined car based on the Brabham design. He called it a Hawk, and on the first day of qualifying for Indy that May, Andreotti proved it could fly. Though still nominally an Indy rookie, he set qualifying records of 159.405 for a single lap and 158.849 for the full four in his initial appearance. Jimmy Clark, A. J. Foyt and Gurney would beat those marks later in the day, but they were known entities. The crowd buzzed with excitement at a new star rising.

Starting fourth on the grid that year, Andreotti finished third behind Clark and Parnelli Jones, and became Rookie of the Year. He finished the season with 3,110 points to become the first Indy rookie to take the USAC driving championship since Johnnie Parsons did it in 1949.

He won the pole at Indy the following year, and though he dropped out of the race on the 18th lap with engine trouble, he collected enough points in later races—winning eight of the 15—to take the points championship a second time. He won his third in 1969.

Dean had died in 1967, and Andreotti was rich enough by then to buy his whole outfit, lock, stock and supercharger. That also was the year that Andreotti began to diversify and beat the NASCAR stars at their own game. Driving a Ford Fairlane prepared by the lightly disguised Ford factory team of Holman-Moody, he won the Daytona 500—stock-car racing's biggest event.

Andreotti was becoming known all right, by style as well as by name. And while he was unfailingly deferential to reporters, sponsors and sponsors' pals, he could be demanding when it came to his car. Andreotti wanted his Ford to be set up "loose" at Daytona so that he could go deep into the corners and allow the rear of the car to break away. It's a driving technique that requires split-second timing and unceasing concentration. That's why most of the NASCAR drivers do not use it regularly. It is tiring enough to contend with the G forces that come with racing at 180 mph on a high-banked track for 200 laps without asking that a driver delicately flip a car's rear out in every turn as well. But by setting up his Ford in such a way, Andreotti also did one other thing in the corners—he used up a lot of track, mak-

continued

ing passing more difficult. In less talented hands a "loose" car at Daytona would have been an ambitious folly. For Andretti it was a winner.

The next year, Andretti qualified fourth at Indy but blew his engine after two laps and finished badly in some other races, though he placed second in the national championship standings. The big bucks—and especially the hot new four-wheel-drive Lotus-Fords fresh from Colin Chapman's Lotus shop in England—that Andy Granatelli offered Andretti to become a member of the STP team for the '69 season were too tempting to turn down. Andretti did not refuse.

"I don't care what anyone thinks about Andy personally," he says. "You've got to admit that he was a heck of an innovator. The Novis were something else, and so were the turbine cars. He'd been jacked around a lot, by the fates and by the Establishment. He wanted to win that race as bad as I did."

And win it they did, the hard way.

Three days before qualifying, Andretti shed the right rear wheel of his Lotus in practice and smacked the outside wall in Turn Four at 150 mph. The body work flew clear and the car burst into flames. Andretti bailed out with second-degree burns on his face.

Suspicious of the Lotus design, even though it was the fastest car on the track that year, Andretti chose to drive his hackup car, another Hawk. He managed to put the car in the middle of the front row, next to pole-sitter A. J. Foyt. The early going was a four-way duel among Andretti, Foyt, Roger McCluskey and Lloyd Ruby. But McCluskey dropped back after running out of gas before his first pit stop. Foyt cracked a manifold intake, and Ruby's pit crew fouled up on a fueling stop. The first 125 miles became merely a matter of Andretti's keeping his car together. When the checkered flag fell, Granatelli sprinted down the pit road like a 300-pound gazelle, enveloped his 5' 6" driver in one of history's most memorable embraces, and then hoisted him to his gargantuan shoulders for the victory lap. At the age of 29, Andretti had reached a pinnacle.

But the Indy win, though it enriched his bank account by \$205,727.06 and made his name, seemed to mark a kind of turning point in Andretti's oval-track career. He had been a quick study, an overnight whiz, but now he made a bad

decision. He fell out with Granatelli in 1971 and joined the "dream team" put together by Parnelli Jones and Los Angeles tire dealer Vel Militch. The team consisted of Andretti, who was the 1969 points champion, and Al Unser and Joe Leonard, who had won the title in '70 and '71 respectively.

The dream proved a nightmare. First off, the radically new car, called a Parnelli, simply did not work well. Then Leonard broke a leg in a California 500 race and was finished with racing. Most important, though Militch and Jones had promised Andretti a full commitment to the Formula I circuit, the road-racing version of the Parnelli failed as dreadfully as its cousin had on the oval tracks.

"I always got on with Parnelli," Andretti says. "He was a racer. But when Firestone hacked out of racing in 1975, Militch began to lose interest, because he felt that he couldn't get the proper backing. He didn't share the enthusiasm I had for Formula I racing. We mutually decided to part ways." Andretti departed for the place he had always wanted to be—full-time on the Formula I circuit with selected USAC rides for Roger Penske's team.

"I used to envy Peter Revson, driving the USAC 500-milers and the whole GP circuit," Andretti mused recently in the lounge of the Oude Bouwer Hotel in Zandvoort. He had just nailed down the pole position for the Grand Prix he would win the next day. His 14-year-old son Jeff was with him, but his wife Dee Ann and the other two children were at home in Pennsylvania. "Revvy had the best of both worlds. It took me a while, but finally in 1976 I was in a position to do the same, and it felt like heaven."

Andretti had offers from three teams—Ferrari, the American-owned but English-based Shadow operation, and from Chapman at Lotus. He had driven endurance races for Ferrari and had even won the South African GP for the marque back in 1971, and certainly there was a strong temptation to sign on with the top Italian outfit. "They always treat me well in Italy," he says. "When I win I'm Italian, but when I lose I'm American." Still, Enzo Ferrari is a notoriously difficult man to drive for, as every top driver from Juan Manuel Fangio to Niki Lauda has learned. The Shadow

offer had the American identification going for it, but little else. That left Lotus, but like Andretti, Chapman's team seemed to be on a downslide from its pre-eminent position in the late '60s. It had not held the Grand Prix championship since Emerson Fittipaldi won it in 1972.

"Still, the more I thought about it," Andretti recalled, "the better the Lotus deal looked. I drove for Colin Chapman in my first GP ever, in 1969 at Watkins Glen, and put the car on the pole. Colin is a great constructor and a top-notch team manager. Also he was going to build this new car, the Lotus 79. He's the only guy in the business who has a grasp of the underside of a car as an aerodynamic surface. Nobody had done much about the bottoms of the machines; they were only concerned with the superstructure when it came to aerodynamics. Colin spent a lot of time and effort on this new concept and you can see the results. The Lotus 79 just flat sticks to the road."

But the new car would not be ready for more than a year. Andretti did well enough in the old one. In the rain at Mount Fuji for the Japanese Grand Prix, the last race of the 1976 season, he sloshed home ahead of everyone to nail down sixth place in that year's points championship. "You couldn't see a thing on that track at the start," he recalls. "Fog and rain, rivers as deep as the Delaware across the road. You had to drive by feel, and it felt damned scary."

Last season Andretti won four more GPs—in Long Beach, Spain, France and Italy—and finished third in the point standings. When the 1978 season began, both Andretti and the new car were ready. Actually Mario was ready sooner, because the Lotus 79 didn't make its first official appearance until the Belgian GP toward midseason, but he had been doing extensive testing for most of the year, in close secrecy.

The test, as they say, is for the record books: victories in Argentina, Belgium, Spain, France, Germany and Holland; a second place at Long Beach, a fourth in Brazil, the controversial sixth at Monza; a whopping grand total of points (64 in all thus far); and the championship.

It's all been paid for, though, in travail, both physical and psychic. Thus far this season Andretti has logged over 250,000 miles and enriched the coffers of various airlines by more than \$30,000 in traveling the GP circuit and running seven

continued



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USAC races for Penske. Even between races Andreotti keeps on the go as a limited partner in the brokerage firm of John Muir & Co, as well as franchising himself via Mario Andreotti Grand Prix International (four tracks for mini Grand Prix cars) and a fast-food chain called Mario's Italian Way. Dee Ann, whom Mario has known since high school, does not care much for extensive traveling. "She'd rather stay up at the lake," Andreotti says, referring to his 630-acre country home in the Poconos. "Anyway, the weather's been lousy this summer in Europe."

As a result of his wife's stay-at-home proclivities, and the overouted glamour of the GP circuit, gossip writers have speculated long and erroneously about the off-track activities that Andreotti's nomadic life-style permits. "They make it sound like Dee Ann and I have some sort of 'European understanding,' that I mess around," he says. Rather, Andreotti is a man of impeccable discretion, a paragon of the proud Italian father and husband. Any suggestion that he is a loose-living man completely misses the mark.

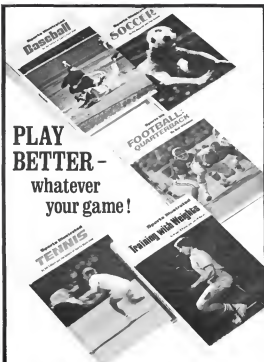
There have been dozens of good drivers over the years on the Grand Prix circuit, and a handful of great ones. Where does Andreotti fit in the rankings?

Up near the top, thinks Gurney, whose four GP victories marked the previous high total for an American driver. "Mario has a fund of experience that may be second to none," says Gurney. "Among his peers there's always been great respect for his talent, his desire and his commitment to being a champion. His reputation among his fellow drivers isn't one of great virtuosity but rather of great determination. He still has that youthful drive. He runs a car hard—heck, he runs it off the road a lot, and he runs very close to the wall at places like Indy. He still breaks cars, but that's part of the game. He's admired, respected, and he keeps growing. With luck he'll end up one of the best—one of the best five or six drivers ever."

Penske echoes Gurney and then some. "Mario wants to do the job right," he says. "He's got the desire of a guy in his early 20s. The key thing about him is his enthusiasm. An hour or so after a race, even if we've broken and lost, he's talking about the next one and what we should do to get ready for it. Also he has tremendous loyalty. The fact that he stayed with Vel and Parnelli as long as he

continued

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INDYBOOM continued

did, when he could have been elsewhere, speaks for it, as does the fact that he stayed with Lotus this year when, as I heard it, Ferrari made him a great offer."

"What about the charge that Andretti is a car-breaker, too hard on equipment?"

"He drives a car ten-tenths," says Penske. "If you don't have a car that can take it, then get a lightweight to drive it."

What impresses Penske most is Andretti's uncanny "street sense," his ability to sort out a racing machine and set it up for the conditions of any given track. Penske had one of the best sorters ever in Mark Donohue, who died three years ago in Austria when he crashed during practice for the Grand Prix at Zeltweg. Donohue was an automotive-engineering graduate of Brown University and had that great educational edge on Andretti, who never went to college. "Mark could analyze a car from an engineer's point of view," Penske says, "and then add to it the driver's feeling. Mario is nearly as good, and he does it entirely by feel. Mario's spent the time—time he could well have spent more profitably elsewhere—learning the Formula 1 courses. Now it's paying off." Penske pauses and considers. "He's the most versatile driver I've ever known."

Stewart, the articulate three-time world driving champion, agrees. "Mario is the guy who gives the mechanics the good info on how to make the Lotuses run fast. He's a marvelous sorter, with a very sensitive touch. But he still has one habit that has gotten him into trouble again and again: he passes on the outside when there's a queue, devil take the hindmost. Most of the times he hasn't finished this year, he's done it to himself. They're the direct result of this all-too-American bullheadedness that he learned on the USAC ovals. He's not very concerned with safety on the track. Back when USAC ordered roll cages be put on all the sprint cars, Mario threatened to boycott sprint racing. In the drivers' meetings, he loses interest when questions of track safety come up. 'Let's race,' he says."

The final word, though, has to come from Phil Hill. Hill is not at all reluctant to move over on his pedestal to make room for Andretti. "He's a neat guy," Hill says from his garage in Santa Monica, where he and a partner restore vintage cars. "He's either tremendously clever or else he's a very square guy, a straight

shooter. No, wait. That's unfair. He's a good driver and a good man. I'm sure of it. No one could fake that kind of honesty and openness."

A cold wind mixed with rain blows down the track. It could be any track, anywhere on the circuit, but it happens to be Zandvoort. In the pits, uniformed mechanics rev the engines of the gaudy cars and the sound has an edge even sharper than the weather. But the noise is muted inside the trailer and the air smells warm with coffee. Andretti leans back in a cushioned corner, his body bulky in a black and gold John Player Lotus parka. His face has grown a bit jowly with all that first-class airline fare and rich European cuisine. And after all, he is 38 years old now. But he is tanned and happy, and his black eyes sparkle more brightly than they have in years as he tells the story.

"Last week after some testing at Monza, a friend asks me to drive this little Fiat 127 back to the Villa D'Este on Lake Como. Ronnie Peterson's following in a 280 Mercedes and I ask him to push me when we hit the steep grade that takes you up into Como. The Swede gets in tight behind me all right and we're bumper to bumper and going like a bat up that hill. Then when we hit the top, I look in the mirror and Ronnie's all scrunched over the wheel—like Jimmy Cagney at Indy in *The Crowd Roars*—and he's laughing! The guy's gonna keep pushing—downhill!"

"So we come pouring off that ridge flat-out, at about 120 miles an hour, and the car ain't built for more than 90, and the motor's going *phur-phur-phur* and I'm like this!"—Andretti saws away at an imaginary wheel—"and then we're coming into this red intersection. I kind of squinch my eyes and pray. Zip-zip! We're through."

"There's a car coming in from the right—a Lancia I think—and the driver's all buggy-eyed, cranking the wheel. He probably figured he was hallucinating. Anyway, when we get to the hotel and shut off the motor, we can't get it started again. Every valve in that Fiat must be bent bent sideways." Andretti shakes his head and laughs. "Heck, we took more chances on that ride than we would in 50 GPs."

Peterson had come into the trailer toward the end of the yarn, and he nodded his head, smiling. It is good to remember him that way.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 18-24

PRO FOOTBALL—Pittsburgh, Los Angeles and Miami got renewed undelivered, but the Steelers and Browns had to struggle to maintain their perfect records. In Pittsburgh, Terry Bradshaw's 10th career two-down pass (a 37-yarder into a Red Barber at Tight End Bremer Cunningham) gave the Steelers a 14-9 sudden-death victory over previously unbeaten Cleveland (p. 24). The Rams had to overcome a series of second-half mistakes to defeat Houston in the Astroline 10-6. Calvin Bryant scored on a three-point run and Frank C. Ford kicked a 25-yard field goal in Los Angeles' fourth win in the first half. N.Y.C. Eastern (Luis Robinson) had no trouble with the New York Jets, losing to a 21-3 victory in Washington. Quarterback Joe Theismann in perhaps his finest performance as a Redskin completed 21 of 31 attempts for 289 yards, two interceptions—33 yards to John McDaniel and a 20-yarder to Jean Fargas. The Redskins' defense sacked Jet Quarterback Richard Todd four times, forcing him from the game in the fourth period with a dislocated left clavicle. He will be sidelined from next season's games. With Robert Montgomery rushing for 141 yards in 25 carries, Philadelphia beat Miami 17-7, dropping the Dolphins into a two-point loss to the Jets and New England. Joe Ferguson scored 19 points in 38 carries and 28 yards in Frank Lewis' first Buffalo win in six weeks, 24-17 over Baltimore. The key score for Buffalo came on Cui in Brown's 192-yard kickoff return, the longest of the season. Denver took a one-game lead over Oakland in the AFC West. The Broncos defeated the Chiefs 25-17, while Los Angeles placed in their own end with 4:32 remaining in sudden death. Denver's Ken Taylor kicked his 28th consecutive field goal, tying him with former Minnesota Viking Fred Luck for second place on the all-time list. In Oakland, the Raiders dominated a 21-14 drubbing to New England where Sam Cunningham scored from 16 yards out with 16 seconds left. Cincinnati led its fourth straight to New Orleans, 20-14. John Elway—signed his new contract with the Broncos in San Diego Stadium. Mike Landers ran 15 yards with a blocked punt for one fumble touchdown and Corbin back to the Redskins tying an NFL record by intercepted four passes, and one back 77 yards for a score. The new day, San Diego Coach Tommy Prothro resigned and was replaced by Don Coryell. Jim Zorn threw three fourth-quarter touchdowns, including a four-yarder to Ron Howard for his second score with 9:17 left in game. Seattle's 28-16 victory over Detroit, the Seahawks' second straight with Robert Newhouse scored two fourth-quarter touchdowns to lead

them to a 21-12 defeat over visiting St. Louis. The New York Giants kept pace with the Cowboys in the NFC East, beating San Francisco 27-10. Tampa Bay won its second straight with a 14-9 victory over Atlanta. Ole Miss beat the Rebels 24-10, fourth quarter points to upset New England 10-7.

GOLF—TOM WATSON shot a final-round, two-under par 67 for a 270 total, 18 under par, to win the \$200,000 PGA tournament in Naples, Calif. by three strokes over Ed Sneed. It was the 10th victory in 107 starts. Watson's score included many winners, with \$143,429.

DONNA CARPONE YULIN made a 20-foot putt on the third hole of a playoff in post her and teammate KATHY WHITEWORTH a victory over Maile Burt and Barbara Monro in the \$100,000 LPGA National Tennis Championship in Portland, Ore.

HARNESS RACING—HAPPY ESCORT (\$412.20) won the second leg of racing, Triple Crown, the \$185,000 Lethal Breeders' Cup, at the Belmont County Jockey Fair grounds by a neck over Flight Director. The 5-year-old gelding covered the mile in 2:00.95 (p. 28).

HORSE RACING—SENSITIVE PRINCE (\$220) ridden by James Vander won the \$122,800 Hawthorne Handicap at Chicago's Hawthorne Race Course by 4 1/2 lengths over Lender H. The 3-year-old colt covered the mile and a quarter on a track record 1:39.1.

LATE BLOOMER (\$221) Jorge Velazquez set best Pearl Necklace by 15 lengths to win the \$108,100 Ruffian Handicap at Belmont Park. The 4-year-old filly was timed in a stakes record 1:47 for the mile and an eighth.

MOTOR SPORTS—MARIO ANDRETTI in a Formula Cosworth averaged 120.6 mph at the 1984 Indianapolis 500. The 31-year-old colt covered the mile in 1:55.43 (p. 55) (p. 55).

CALF YARBROUGH in an Oldsmobile averaged a track record 7:25.55 mph on the Mandalay (Va.) Speedway to win the NASCAR Old Dominion 500 by half a car length over Darrell Waltrip in a Chevrolet.

ROAD RACING—BILL RODGERS won the National All-1000 meter championship at Purchase, N.Y. with a time of 1:24.26. It was eighth of a second faster than runner-up Randy Thomas (p. 26).

TENNIS—WTT With Chris Evert picking up victories in both singles and doubles, Los Angeles women Pro tennis (p. 26) defeating Bessie 1-1 in the best of five set.

in the doubles match, which the former defeated in the first round. Evert, 31, won the match in straight sets, 6-1, 6-0, 6-0. Evert, 31, won the match in straight sets, 6-1, 6-0, 6-0. Evert, 31, won the match in straight sets, 6-1, 6-0, 6-0.

MILWAUKEE—CONVICTED IN A Napa County, N.Y. jury verdict, testimony of DR. MARK LEBRON, 44, of the Milwaukee County Jail, was heard in the trial of a man charged with the murder of a man. LEBRON, 44, of the Milwaukee County Jail, was heard in the trial of a man charged with the murder of a man.

RLIGNED—RALPH HILL, 49, a manager of the Detroit Tigers, effective at the end of the season. A Yankee careered for eight seasons. Hill, 49, a manager of the Detroit Tigers, effective at the end of the season. A Yankee careered for eight seasons.

DIED—California Angels Outfielder LYMAN BOWEN, 27, of gunshot wounds in Gary, Ind. Bowen was riding in a car when he was struck on the head by a shotgun blast. The Angels had played the 1984 season on an alternate game, and Bowen had driven into the cage after the game to see his relatives. At the time of his death he was having 200 with five home runs and 70 RBIs. A free agent who became one of baseball's best hitters while with the Minnesota Twins. Bowen, 27, was riding in a car when he was struck on the head by a shotgun blast. The Angels had played the 1984 season on an alternate game, and Bowen had driven into the cage after the game to see his relatives.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



KENNETH NICHOLSON
Rifleman

Nicholson, 29, won the American Trap & Kwon Do Karate and Kung Fu International held at Silver Spring, Md. After winning the heavyweight division, he defeated light-heavyweight champion Alton Wakinson for the overall title.

JEFF BRADLEY
Diver/Shot

Jeff, a 17-year-old senior at Davenport West High School, and his sister Jacquet, a 15-year-old freshman at Williams Junior High, are two of the top young cyclists in the country. At the recently completed National Cycling Championships in Milwaukee, Jeff a member of the U.S. team that won a bronze medal at the World Junior Championships took the 70.4-mile junior men's road race. Jacquet triumphed in the 15-mile girls' intermediate road event.

JACQUE BRADLEY
Diver/Shot



MIKE SHEARER
Swimmer

Shearer, 18, a freshman at the University of Utah, won the national High School 16 championship on Bear Lake in Utah. He is only the second teen-ager to win the title and the first to come from elsewhere than Hawaii, California or Florida.



ROBERT BRINNER
Tennis

Robert, a junior defensive back and blocker, punted six times for a school-record 42.2-yard average and returned an interception 30 yards for a touchdown in Trenton High School's 18th-opening game, victory over Carleton.



DAVID MOE
Swimmer

Moe, 31, won what may be the first world cross-country swimming championship, defeating 28 competitors in Redondo Beach, Calif. Using standard cross-country equipment, he covered the two-kilometer course in 11:11.13.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

ANALYZING THE POLLS

Sir,

Walter Bringham's article *Going to the Polls*, Weekly (Sept. 18) was excellent. It's about time the flaws in the college football ranking system were pointed out. Now I wonder how long it will be before anything is done to correct the situation.

BRIAN REYNOLDS
Charleston, W. Va.

Sir,

Now I realize why Penn State has never been ranked No. 1. In reference to your five rules, Penn State fails to observe the last three: Rule 3? Penn State stopped playing the service academies (Army and Navy) and then added Ohio State, among others. Joe Paterno refuses to roll up a score against a patsy, as suggested in Rule 4. Which leaves Rule 5. Because the Nittany Lions play Pitt, in recent years a powerhouse, late in the season, Penn State's bowl bids come in late when the better bowls are usually already booked.

LARRY RUIH
Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

Sir,

Walter Bringham stopped just short of citing recent football history's best (or worst) ex-

ample of "ignorance, pride and politics"—the award of the 1975 national championship to Oklahoma (11-1) instead of to Arizona State (12-0), the only one of the contending teams to go unbeaten that year—Ohio State lost to UCLA in the Rose Bowl—and the conqueror of Nebraska in the Fiesta Bowl.

Surely that act of collective stupidity was a factor in the move of Arizona State and Arizona out of an increasingly powerful but unrecognized WAC. Despite fine teams like Bringham Young, the conference is still looked upon as a football backwater with a long way to go.

We have a rating system that seems to have as its principal goal the annual aggrandizement of more or less the same 10 teams, regardless of merit.

PAUL D. MALLAMO
Portland, Ore.

Sir,

Although Walter Bringham never takes a firm stand, he suggests, like many before him, that the title of No. 1 should be decided by a series of playoff games among the top-rated teams rather than by balloting by coaches, newspaper writers, television reporters and readers.

Sir,

You missed a few companies in your hot-air balloon report. Already in existence, for instance, are a Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken balloon, shaped like a chicken, and an Orville Redenbacher Goveest Popping Corn balloon, shaped like a kernel of popped corn.

But the world is still anxiously awaiting the arrival of the ultimate commercial enterprise—the Goodrich balloon.

MIKE CARR
Decatur, Ill.

★ For a look at these three existing balloons, see below —ED

Why is everyone so interested in patterning college football after the professional game? To me, the appeal of college football lies in its distinctive traditions. The bowl games are part of these traditions, as is the controversy that is spawned by the poll system. Healthy arguments among undergraduates, alumni and fans would become a thing of the past if a decisive playoff system were instituted. Such a format would further erode the values upon which the college game was founded.

JOHN H. REDMOND
Clifton, N. J.

ONE PLATOON (CONT.)

Sir,

In regard to the Coach's suggestion of a return to single-platoon football (*Half Would Make It Whole*, Sept. 11), at least one major college coach has been an advocate of one-platoon football for several years. The University of Iowa's Bob Comings has staunchly maintained—while other coaches tinker at him—that the quickest way to equalize the football haves and have-nots is to return to "real" football. Comings has cited all the reasons listed by the Coach, but he also has another justification, which should be dear to John (Scribe) Underwood's heart: injuries. Comings feels that many injuries are the result of the tremendous force of the collision of two highly trained and well-rested opponents. If players had to play both offense and defense, they would be a lot more tired. If they're tired, they won't be running with such abandon and therefore won't be impacting with such great force. Thus injuries are bound to be reduced.

Comings has done a heckuva job at Iowa, turning a bunch of misfits into a respectable team, but few have called him a prophet in his own time. And yet . . .

TODD D. TRAPP
Sigourney, Iowa

CONNORS AND BORG

Sir,

I agree that Jimmy Connors played very well in the U.S. Open, but you gave him more credit than he is due (*He Mowed Borg Down*, Sept. 18). Bjorn Borg was impeded by a blister—a severe blister—on his racket hand. Although you mentioned the blister, and that Borg experienced pain and was administered an anesthetic, you let us readers imagine that Connors was unstoppable. Let us not forget how many times in the past Connors has appeared unstoppable, only to bow down to Bjorn Borg. *Is still No. 1?*

R. A. GUERRA
National City, Calif.

continued

ON THE RISE

Sir:

In your Sept. 4 SCORECARD item on the expansion of the sport of hot-air ballooning, you mentioned several companies, including Seven-Up, that you felt "could hardly resist" ballooning. We just want you to know that Seven-Up has not resisted this sport. Our balloon has been in a number of meets and special programs across the country this year, and we hope to continue our investment in this exciting activity.

RALPH J. ZIFFEL
Manager of Promotion Services
The Seven-Up Company
St. Louis





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OLYMPUS

GIANT TROUT

Sir:

At one time I would have relegated an article such as the one by William Humphrey on a giant trout (*Prology* in a *Puddle*, Sept. 18) to my pile of unread fishing stories. However, since the recent death of my avid fisherman father, I have tried to discover why he found such pleasure in what I considered a mundane avocation. Humphrey's story explained it to me. I look forward to reading his book.

JOHN C. OGILVIE
Kirkland, Wash.

Sir:

Prology in a Puddle by William Humphrey was, in my humble opinion, one of the best stories about dry-fly fishing that I have read. What memories it brought back!

I am 78 and have been dry-fly fishing in the Esopus, the Beaverkill, the Willowemoc, the Neversink and the Ausable since I was in my teens. What a marvelous, wonderful, relaxing—and exacting—pleasure it is. I lift my glass to Humphrey, and my appreciation to you.

CHARLES M. BROWN JR.
Charleston, S.C.

Sir:

I found William Humphrey's account of the huge trout wonderfully told, but surely he is suffering from that common fisherman's ailment, exaggeration. No brown trout in the Berkshires could be that big!

HARVEY NATRIAN
New York City

• Says Humphrey, "About 40 years ago there was an imaginative fellow on radio who called himself Baron Munchausen. Whenever someone doubted one of the Baron's tales, his stock reply was, 'Vass you dere, Sharlie?'"—ED.

VOICE OF THE WHITE SOX

Sir:

That was a great article on Harry Caray by Ron Fimrite (*The Big Wind* in *Chicago*, Sept. 18). In my judgment, Harry was, and probably still is, the best play-by-play announcer in baseball. No other announcer can describe a home run like Harry can. As a youngster in Southern Illinois who followed the St. Louis Cardinals in the '40s and '50s, I can recall very well his description of a Cardinal homer: "There she goes... way, way back... it might... it could be... it is, a home run... Ho-leer cow!"

MARVIN E. NOWICKI
Bridgewater, Maine

Sir:

Hoo boy, you pegged him right. Harry Caray sold Cardinal baseball for 25 years. We wanted Stan Musial's autograph, but Harry was our good friend on the Airwater Kent. That's back when his color man was Glatby Street and then Joe Garagiola.

CHARLIE SELLERS
Mylvane, Kans.

Sir:

The day Harry Caray left St. Louis, my August baseball turned to September football and my Bush beer turned to Coors.

LINDELL C. GARDNER
Tulsa

Sir:

Your article about Harry Caray was amusing, simply because it proved how much he knows about women, bars and burbers and how little he knows about baseball. If you want to do an article about broadcasters who are true experts on the game, go north to Wrigley Field and talk to Vince Lloyd and Lou Boudreau. They have probably forgotten more about baseball than Harry Caray will ever know.

RUSS SCHMELZER
Milwaukee

BOULTON'S RETURN

Sir:

There have been a lot of long-shot, inspirational events in sport over the last few months. Three men piloted a balloon across the Atlantic. Muhammad Ali came back to reclaim his heavyweight championship. Catfish Hunter and his New York Yankees rallied to get into the thick of things in the AL East, after falling 14 games behind. Jimmy Connors pulled himself together and won the U.S. Open. But Jim Bouton may take the cake (*Old 56 Comes Back* at 39, Sept. 18). In the space of a year, Bouton has gone from being an eccentric joke to a capable major league pitcher. By struggling back to the majors after an eight-year absence, he has carved himself a niche in a game that never appreciated his various talents.

SEAN PETER KIRST
Dunkirk, N.Y.

Sir:

If you think Jim Bouton wrote a book exposing baseball before, just wait until he writes one after hanging around with the million-dollar prima donnas of today. If only he were on the Yankees!

KEITH D. SMITH JR.
Miami

SEAWER VS. THE LEGENDS

Sir:

In Melissa Ludtke Lincoln's article regarding Tom Seaver's career as a TV personality, (*TV/RADIO*, Sept. 18), she states that Seaver, as host of the *Greatest Sports Legends* series, was supposed to put his subjects at ease by participating in their sports, i.e., "ice-skating with [Gordie] Howe or appearing on horseback with Johnny Longden." Then she continues, "Happily, that hambone touch was abandoned."

Sorry, Melissa, that "hambone touch" has not been abandoned. It will be used to the fullest extent in our new series of shows, which we will begin shooting in December. After six years of filming *Greatest Sports Legends* with America's greatest athletes, we have learned that professional athletes are not pro-

fessional broadcasters, and the only way to make the athletes comfortable is to put them in their own element. Seaver failing on his face skating with Howe, or Seaver fudgily trying to return a bullet hit off the tennis racket of Rod Laver is really very funny. And not only do our guests enjoy the fun, but the crew also loves every minute of Tom's futility, making for a very happy shooting set. So, long live that hambone touch!

BRIE ROTTLED
Executive Producer
Greatest Sports Legends
Bala Cynwyd, Pa.

CAMPBELL & CO.

Sir:

In regard to Ron Reid's article on Houston Oiler rookie Earl Campbell, you mention that Campbell ripped through the Kansas City defense for 111 yards, 49 of them in the fourth quarter. Well, Kansas City's Tony Reed dazzled the Houston defense for 141 yards—106 of them in the first half. He had brilliant runs on reverses of 28, 24, 15 and 19 yards. I realize that Kansas City lost the game, but surely such an effort should not be ignored.

BILL BELL
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

Thanks to Ron Reid for an excellent article on Earl Campbell. In this age of cocky athletes, it's nice to know somebody is still humble.

STEVE ELLETT
Phoenix

NO DORMAT

Sir:

In your Southeastern Conference scouting report (Sept. 11) you stated that Ole Miss Coach Steve Sloan got bowl bids after taking over dorms at Vanderbilt and Texas Tech. Before Sloan took over at Texas Tech in 1975, Jim Carlen (1970-74) led the Red Raiders to four bowl appearances. In the 1973 season Tech finished 11-1, including a Gator Bowl victory over Tennessee. Tech was no dormat when Sloan arrived.

MORRIS OLIVER LEWIS
Somerville, Texas

HOT TUBS

Sir:

At one point, the article by Jeanette Bruce describing the Hot Tub Set (*SHOWWALK*, Sept. 18) made my blood run cold. The vision of people immersed in water—or even partially wet—fooling around with television sets (turning them on or off, changing channels, etc.) is terrifying. Electricity and water mix all too well. Hot tubs are fine, but get someone who is completely dry to handle the electrical gadgets.

WILLIAM T. MCGOWAN JR.
Malverne, N.Y.

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